AUGUST 1962

Commentary

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Daniel M. Friedenberg

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Milton Himmelfarb

THE ANATOMY OF "PLAYBOY"
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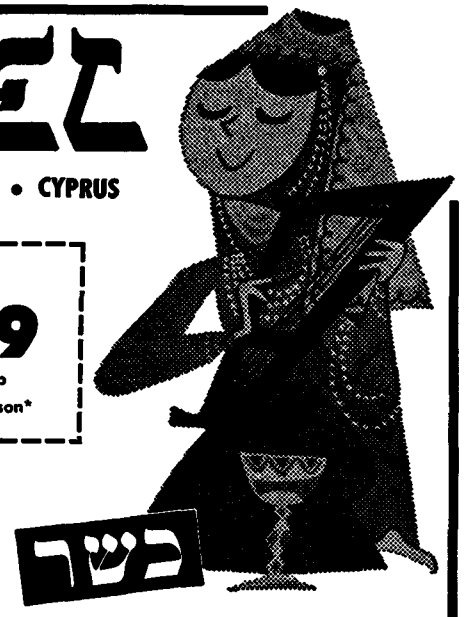

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CAN THE ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS WORK?

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

RECENTLY I ATTENDED a meeting of liberals and socialists called together to discuss the Alliance for Progress. The question being argued was just what, in the long run, would be accomplished through the granting of huge sums of money—$20 billion, to be exact—by the United States to the governments of the Latin American countries. Several of the people present were actively involved in the Alliance program. Some had lived in South America, and knew the Spanish language and culture well. Everybody there, it seemed to me, had insight into the current social and political realities. But not one person in the entire group was ready to commit himself to the Alliance for Progress without reservation. Those who wholly opposed it, did so on the grounds that the Alliance would ultimately reinforce the entrenched elite groups, and would actually end by blocking moves toward a more democratic distribution of real power. The program was idealistically conceived, others granted, but by its sheer weight was disposed to increase U.S. political power in the Latin American countries. And only some kind of vague optimism seemed to underlie the affirmative belief of those who felt that, after all, spending so many billions of dollars must do *some* good. It was indeed startling: the citizens of the United States, the vast majority of whom harbor the semi-mystical belief that money solves all problems, are being asked to give the sum of $20 billion so that the relatively impoverished masses in the Latin American lands can share in the good life—and the liberal-radical element most directly acquainted with the question holds back, is skeptical about the value of such generosity in this instance. The explanation for so sharp—and seemingly contradictory—a situation can only be found in the long history of the relations between the American people and their neighbors to the south.

The Good Neighbor policy, so dramatically embodied in our time by the Alliance for Progress, is a comparatively recent twist in those relations. The phrase "Good Neighbor"—a wishful unilateral expression imposed by fiat on the one side by the other—came into use toward the end of the Hoover administration a little over thirty years ago. For the Mexicans, who had lost more than half of their territory to the United States through pressure or conquest, the phrase always held elements of farce; had not the United States been openly imperialistic all along? From the beginning, the thirteen little colonies had believed history to be on the side of the new Anglo-Saxon settlers. For history was culture, civilization, "higher" religion, "superior" racial stock: and the ramrod

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that battered down the Indians, that drove on to the Pacific, proved its worth by its success. The absence of hypocrisy in the leaders of that earlier period is almost refreshing, in retrospect, when compared to the latter-day platitudes that have come to dominate discourse in this area. One must realize that it is not alone to Texans that the Alamo is a national monument. When William Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, suggested attacking Russia in order to occupy Siberia and Manchuria after the acquisition of Alaska, it was prudence far more than idealism that led to the rejection of his hopes. Nor was the landing of Marines in Hawaii by Benjamin Harrison, for the purpose of installing a puppet government favorable to annexation, opposed by an outraged American press. And it was only sixty-four years ago that William McKinley seized Puerto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines as the spoils of victory in the Spanish-American war, eloquently defining his position in the much-quoted remark: "While we are conducting the war and until its conclusion, we must keep all we get; when the war is over, we must keep what we want." The final stage of this simpler period in our relations with Latin America was characterized by Teddy Roosevelt, whose big stick even today evokes nostalgia in the American political right. With this big stick we stole the Panama Canal from Colombia, occupied the Dominican Republic, and would have succeeded in clouting Kaiser Wilhelm II over Venezuela, except that the German ruler had more sense in his younger than his later years.

The foreign policy of the United States was a clear reflection of the interests of those who controlled the nation's domestic policy. Internal and external aggrandizement of power were then the hand and the glove; not only the rich and powerful gloated over Manifest Destiny—but also much of the general populace which identified itself with the rising voice of the United States in the world. Perhaps the most sensitive U. S. ambassador ever credited to Latin America, Josephus Daniels, showed great courage when he told a delegation of American businessmen from Mexico in 1914: "You went there to get rich quick; and now you want the whole country to raise an army of 500,000 men and send it to Mexico at this country's expense to protect you, and you won't pay a cent to support it there." Indeed, it was mainly the threat of German aid to Mexico, at the outbreak of World War I, which deterred Woodrow Wilson from invading that country, as he had already invaded Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

A more critical spirit, however, began to develop as the 20th century moved on. A small minority (including Lincoln during the Mexican War of 1847) had already questioned the policy of expansion on moral grounds. A still smaller minority had pointed to the economic motives behind the impulse toward conquest. Even Teddy Roosevelt—whose genius consisted precisely of the Higher Hypocrisy that was able to reconcile territorial expansion and domestic reform—inadvertently revealed how difficult it was going to be to maintain the self-righteous attitudes of the past. But it was the muckraking zeal evoked by the severe economic crisis at the turn of the century that finally brought before the general American mind what lay behind Manifest Destiny: such matters as sugar, bananas, silver, oil. The cynicism attending the end of World War I, when the nature of Wilson's humbug became obvious, propelled this critical spirit forward. Out-and-out conquest began to be frowned upon. The Marine intervention in Honduras in 1924 was the last of the simple military actions: the wide criticism it aroused made imperative a new formulation of aims.

As a result of this changed climate of opinion, the program of the State Department became more conservative. The new U. S. policy toward its neighbors (both north and south) now crystallized around three basic aims: to keep peace in

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the Americas; to avoid revolutionary transfers of political power; and to protect the U. S. citizens who had trade and investments in these countries. A cautious and limited intervention, rather than absorption, was to be the policy, based, indeed, on some common-sense assumptions. The nearer the neighbor, the greater our pressure; the smaller and weaker the neighbor, the more massive our action; the closer to our racial and social nature the neighbor, the more muted our position. Canada was protected by its British connection. The Pacific areas west of Guam and the Latin American lands south of Venezuela were too far away. But the Caribbean islands and the adjoining coastal countries in Central and South America were a part of the American *mare nostrum* in the economic if not the territorial sense.

THE FIRST important test of the new policy came in Nicaragua. In 1926 American investments in that country were threatened by a civil war which President Coolidge regarded as being encouraged by Communist influence from Mexico. The Marines were landed to support the conservative faction. This time, however, distrust on the part of the American public was widespread, particularly when the sortie appeared to take on aspects of a move against Mexico. Less than a year later, seeking to undo his own action, Coolidge sent Henry L. Stimson as his special representative to Nicaragua to "straighten the matter out." Stimson, a man of higher stripe than usual in the Coolidge administration, realized almost immediately that Marine intervention had led to even greater turmoil. He came to two conclusions: that free elections were the "very heart of the Nicaraguan problem as well as of the general Central American problem"; and that a native constabulary must be established, which would "eventually greatly reduce the number of Marines necessary to guarantee stability." Washington gave approval, and Stimson's proposals were accepted by both sides in the Nicaraguan civil war. A constitutional democracy with two responsible parties was set up on paper; to maintain this system, a special training school for a national guard was established. General Anastasio Somoza became head of these guards trained by the Marines. Now, almost forty years later, the Somoza family still runs the country as a private fiefdom through the agency created by Stimson to protect the democratic process!

What happened in the Dominican Republic was remarkably similar to developments in Nicaragua. The Marines had gone there in 1916. In contrast to the situation in Haiti, which had been occupied a year earlier, there was little resentment on the part of the "better elements" of the populace against the Americans, mainly because the traditional elite was far more terrified of being submerged in an all-Negro Hispaniola—a union of Haiti and the Dominican Republic under a black majority—than of U.S. control. But by the mid-1920's the new climate of opinion in the U.S. made withdrawal imperative. A young man by the name of Rafael Trujillo Molina had entered the national guard set up to maintain order under a system of free elections. The Marines liked Trujillo and pushed him to the top. Armed with this credential, the Generalissimo took over after the Marine withdrawal and made an honest division of the Dominican Republic: the Americans could own all the sugar plantations and mills they wanted; and he would own everything else. Trujillo stayed in power from 1930 until last year—a longer reign than that of Hitler, Mussolini, or Stalin.

It never seemed to occur to Henry L. Stimson and his supporters that "free elections" in Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic were a mockery without the existence of a stable middle class and a general standard of living at that irreducible minimum where people prefer to live in peace rather than die in revolt. Because a caricature of democracy in these oligarchic states was set up, social reform was bottled to the point where moderate change may no

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longer be possible, and the best patriotic elements can with justice view the United States as a dominant factor in national stagnation.

But the case of Cuba, where our chickens have already come home to roost, is the paramount example. Henry L. Stimson, who lived to see the failure of his experiment in Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic, was against intervening in Cuba during the worst days of dictator Gerardo Machado: that dictator had of course always scrupulously guaranteed the safety of American investment. However, around the time Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President and brought in Cordell Hull as Secretary of State, the Cuban crisis took a more serious turn. The end of Machado was apparent, and it was evident that a revolution with true social content was brewing.

HERE ONE of the most fascinating and Machiavellian stories in American history unfolds. Sumner Welles, the U. S. *eminence grise,* jockeyed Machado out of power in a manner quite similar to the more recent American ejection of Trujillo when his demise loomed on the horizon. But Grau San Martín, elected after Machado's downfall, soon revealed a strong prejudice against the dominance by American companies of the Cuban economy, and Sumner Welles refused to recognize his government. Welles wanted democracy, it is true, but a democracy that would leave U. S. interests untouched. Having determined to unseat Grau, Welles decided that a sergeant by the name of Fulgencio Batista who had effectively worked with Grau to put down a rightist officers' revolt, was his man. In a long talk with Batista, Welles emphasized that he, Batista, was "the only individual in Cuba today who represented authority,"* that his action against the extreme radicals (Grau had shortly before authorized Batista to put down Communist riots) had "rallied" the support of the commercial and financial interests, that "his control of the army as Chief of Staff should be continued as the only possible solution," but that the Grau regime "did not fill any of the conditions which the United States government had announced as making possible recognition." Batista would have had to be totally deaf not to know what Welles was suggesting—without, incidentally, specific authority from Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Back in Washington to consult with Roosevelt, Welles must indeed have been very convincing. On November 24, 1933, Roosevelt issued a statement containing the pregnant words: "We have wished to commence negotiations for a revision of the commercial convention between the two countries and for a modification of the permanent treaty between the United States and Cuba [i.e. the sugar quota and the Platt Amendment]. . . . No progress along these lines can be made unless there exists in Cuba a provisional government which through the popular support which it obtains and which through the general cooperation which it enjoys shows evidence of genuine stability." In simple English, this meant that unless Batista (or another military man) overthrew Grau and turned Cuba back to the oligarchic element, the sugar quota would not be revised and the U. S. would retain its right to send the Marines into Cuba as it saw fit.

On January 10, 1934, Batista asked what the Americans "wanted done for recognition," and on January 15, Grau resigned. Roosevelt recognized the new government on January 23. It might be added that the Communists, who had parted company with Grau, were among the groups that rejoiced.

The core of the Nicaraguan, Dominican, and Cuban cases was that U. S. power had been exerted on a new basis. Up to World War I, no fine distinction was made between territorial and economic control. If Americans wanted a rich piece of real

* I quote from *The Making of the Good Neighbor Policy* by Bryce Wood (Columbia University Press, 1961), an excellent book for detailed background.

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estate that happened to belong to one of their neighbors, they simply took it in one form or another—purchase under pressure, indirect or direct aggression. In time, the United States expanded into a world power that ranged westward to California, to Hawaii, to Guam, to the Philippines, and butted directly against the land mass of China; that had moved north to the Oregon Territory, hopping over Canada to Alaska, until it collided with Russia; and that had moved south engulfing over half of Old Mexico and the major islands of the Caribbean.

BUT, AS WE have seen, the policy of Manifest Destiny in its nakedly imperialistic form was meeting with less enthusiasm in the 20th century. The guilt feelings which had begun to crop up in the Cuban take-over led to a physical withdrawal from that island shortly after the Spanish-American war (though with the Platt Amendment as sound collateral). Big business also began to realize that taking over an area with a rebellious populace was hazardous for investment: it was better to have economic stability in a country nominally under a different flag. The State Department, distinguishing between national aggrandizement and economic control, moved to exert U. S. power only when social reform endangered American investment: in Nicaragua, in the Dominican Republic, in Cuba. The essential consideration about our neighboring countries henceforth was not who ruled or how—democrat or tyrant, legally or illegally. What counted for us was whether these rulers could maintain the economic status quo. This, then, is the way in which Manifest Destiny was refined into a new policy—regardless of the rationalizations of official documents and public statements. And the first fruits of our new policy were the imposition of men like Somoza in Nicaragua, Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, Batista in Cuba.

But it was not long before the weakness of this new policy of ours became apparent. It is easier to squat a mosquito, no matter how annoying, than to swallow a wildcat. Mexico has always been a wildcat. The legs of Mexico—Texas and our entire Southwest—were chewed off with considerable trouble in the 19th century. Woodrow Wilson was restrained from snapping at more mainly by fear of German retaliation in World War I. It was Franklin D. Roosevelt who faced the greatest strain of all, when dealing with the problem of the Mexican oil expropriations under Lázaro Cárdenas. The case of Mexico in 1938, with some slight changes of detail, might have been Cuba, 1960. Fortunately, however, American policy was dependent on a chain linking sympathetic Ambassador Josephus Daniels to intelligent Cordell Hull to subtle Franklin D. Roosevelt—indeed, at points in the controversy the Ambassador and the President seemed actually to have connived against their own Secretary of State. President Roosevelt had learned much in the years since the Cuban imbroglio and was determined not to break off relations with Cárdenas. On the other hand, the oil companies were equally determined to get back their quarter-billion-dollar investment. A severe struggle ensued. Cárdenas, an older and wiser man than Fidel Castro, realized that the market relation between the two countries—involving not only oil exports but also silver bullion—could not be destroyed without the foundering of his country's economy. Roosevelt, alerted by Daniels, understood that "face" was as much a problem for Cárdenas as money, and assured the Mexican leader that it was not a quarrel with the basic right of expropriation, but concern for proper indemnification that motivated his deep interest. As in the earlier conflict with Mexico, European war, once again brewing, played a role: Roosevelt was determined not to have an exposed flank to the south. Once Cárdenas saw he had won—i.e. that Roosevelt would not intervene under any circumstances—he took a more pliant position. The final touch was the arrange-

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ment, through Export-Import Bank credits, whereby the U. S. in effect furnished Mexico with the money to pay for the expropriated property.

That the big stick of Teddy Roosevelt in less than forty years had become a popgun can be illustrated by another example from this same period. In 1937 Bolivia without warning confiscated the properties of a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The Bolivian ministry refused to discuss compensation, claiming fraud in the original grant. Though the dollar investment was relatively small, American companies, fearful of a precedent that other Latin American countries might invoke, pressed the State Department to take vigorous action. Notes were presented, pressures used, influence attempted: but all in vain. Bolivia was going through a violent nationalist period and any regime doing business with the Americans—selling out, in nationalist terms—would have been thrown out of office. Years passed. The U.S. refused to give any economic aid to Bolivia, and the Bolivians turned to Germany—as had Cárdenas during the days of the Mexican crisis—for credit. The Nazis, fortunately, made clumsy use of their advantage and tried to install a puppet government through a badly conceived coup. The Bolivian administration turned once again to the United States, which was now worried enough about Nazi intrusion to drop the former demands linking economic aid to the question of oil confiscation. In a short time, a deal was worked out whereby Bolivia paid Standard Oil $1.7 million, receiving in return from the U.S. $25 million for a development program. The proud Latin Americans had again saved face.

A THIRD STAGE was now reached in State Department policy. The cautious and limited intervention which had been substituted by the end of World War I for territorial acquisition now had to be modified also. The new power shifts in the 20th century made it difficult for us to maintain the economic status quo in Latin America. The protection of U.S. trade and investment interests was clearly becoming secondary to the goals of keeping the peace and avoiding revolutionary transfers of political power. Under Franklin D. Roosevelt, Big Business was forced to learn, through the cases of Mexico and Bolivia, that holding the other American nations "on our side" was more important than protecting dollar investments. This shift was completely unrelated to any preference for democracy over dictatorship: in fact, Anastasio Somoza, Fulgencio Batista, and Rafael Trujillo all were very proud of their personal friendship with Roosevelt. National security was the goal of this new stage of the Good Neighbor policy.

The essential meaning of the Fidel Castro disaster was the stupid attempt on the part of the Eisenhower administration to regress from this new stage in the evolution of U.S.-Latin American relations to its previous stage. Books have been written, and will continue to be written, debating whether the present Cuban dictator was originally a Communist or became one, whether the United States pushed him into the arms of Russia or whether he went there of his own volition. All this, essentially, is surface froth. If Hitler had been around in 1960, Castro would have turned to Germany, just as Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico did in an earlier period when the American cartels blocked his oil sales and repurchase of drilling equipment. The State Department under the brothers Dulles, lulled by a false victory in Guatemala in 1954, felt confident that Franklin D. Roosevelt had been too "soft." Eisenhower's presidency marked a return to direct control by big business over politics, and big business wanted its interests protected before probing into larger world goals. But the Cuba of 1958 was not the Cuba of 1933, and Castro was not Grau. Khrushchev has had to accommodate himself to Poland, and even to Yugoslavia: just so, the U.S.

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should have understood how to adjust itself to the new world picture implied by the existence of men like Fidel Castro.

Immediately on getting into office, President Kennedy undertook to dispose of Eisenhower's Cuban mess. But his impetuous impersonation of Sir Galahad and Teddy Roosevelt combined, caused even worse damage one dismal night. For 1961 was not 1904, and Kennedy could not go the whole way and use the Marines—which from a cynical view would at least have been successful; instead, he imitated the Dulles technique in Guatemala. The fiasco only completed the alienation of the Cuban dictator which Eisenhower had far advanced, and the result was a full-fledged Marxist-Leninist regime, ninety miles from our shores.

It was at this point that the Alliance for Progress came into being.

The Alliance for Progress is in effect a desperate attempt on the part of the Kennedy administration to return to the earlier stage of the Good Neighbor policy evolved under Franklin D. Roosevelt, subordinating the protection of U.S. business investments to the goals of peace and the avoidance of revolutionary transfers of political power. The policy is a patchwork that satisfies almost nobody. Big business regards the Alliance with great distrust since it provides for no guarantee against foreign confiscation. (In fact, an amendment proposed by Republican Senator Hickenlooper to the authorizing Senate bill specifically provides that all aid shall be suspended to any country nationalizing U.S. property without compensation.) Liberals wonder whether the United States has the right to insist on certain forced internal changes in other countries as a condition for aid, and point out that this classical type of blackmail seems to apply to the smaller and not the bigger lands. Democratic socialists feel that forestalling revolutionary transfers of political power will perpetuate the oligarchic structures that prevail in most Latin American countries. And the obvious statistical fact that more money is repatriated on American holdings than reinvested—in 1959 American investors pulled out $775 millions of profits while investing only $200 millions in new capital in Latin America—would seem to imply that pouring in this aid is some kind of gimmick related to greater profits for business, rather than an action being taken for the sake of human welfare.

THERE IS yet another and deeper aspect to the problem of relations between the United States and Latin America, and it too must be considered in speculating on whether the Alliance for Progress can succeed—the traditional hostility between Spaniard and Anglo-Saxon. The Black Legend, or horror of Spanish culture that goes back to the conflict between Spain and England, has its counterpart in the long-standing Latin contempt for the mean money-making mentality of the Anglo-Saxon. Race, too, is a deep factor here. (Fidel Castro showed considerable insight in taking on himself the mantle of champion of the Cuban Negro against American racism—though Castro himself, ironically, is pure Spanish while his predecessor Batista had a large admixture of African blood.) The result of these cultural and racial tensions has been a psychological barrier between Anglo and Latin America as vast as the economic one: much greater, indeed, than language or geography.

In large measure this is why North American ideals and interests reflect continual error when viewed from south of the border. Men like Henry L. Stimson and Cordell Hull were without doubt sincere and high-minded; they had no personal profit at stake; they tried to reason and compromise; they looked for a balanced solution. But their frame of reference was so alien to the Latin American mind that communication became almost impossible. When General Sandino rejected the U.S. settlement in Nicaragua, refusing to lay down his arms, Stimson

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looked upon him as a common bandit. Yet almost all Nicaraguans and most Latin Americans thought Sandino the only true patriot left in Nicaragua. When Cordell Hull backed the Welles strategy to bring down Grau and put in Batista, this good sober American gentleman honestly believed he was on the side of right. The very terms democracy, fair play, intervention, arbitration, legality, have different meanings in the two respective cultures, the differences made deeper by the poverty of the Latin American lands and the need to find radical solutions to problems already resolved in the territories to the north.

The relations between former President Eisenhower and Fidel Castro are only a heightened example of this long history of misunderstanding, about which little can now be done. Mutual tolerance is of almost no value in a revolutionary age—and in any case, for every Josephus Daniels, one of the few Americans who understood the Latin mind, there are a dozen men like Earl Smith, our former ambassador to Batista in Cuba. A more realistic policy will only prevail when Americans finally realize that they cannot turn the clock back by direct or indirect intervention in support of private U.S. investments, and when the Latin Americans on their side come to learn—as the Cubans are now learning—that utopia does not automatically follow upon the successful confiscation of all foreign property.

I myself am among those who subscribe, with some hesitation, to the Alliance for Progress, despite all its many faults. Limited intervention, which Franklin D. Roosevelt had already rejected in his later years, simply makes no sense any longer even from the most hard-headed and practical perspective.* Indirect intervention will die harder, it is true. But given the fact that the United States and Latin America need each other and complement each other, not all indirect intervention can be considered harmful from the Latin American point of view. It was the United States, every left-winger in Brazil and Colombia should know, that forced the European Common Market to reduce its tariff on coffee by 40 per cent. Without U.S. pressure, all Latin American coffee would have been frozen out of Western Europe to the benefit of France's former African colonies. This was not a "capitalist plot" but an act of combined self-interest and good will, intended to help the United States by helping Latin America. If Cuba has found her "freedom"—as Lázaro Cárdenas seems to think, speaking from his vast landed estates in Michoacán—by substituting the Russian for the American sugar market at a much lower selling price and greater freight charges, it is indeed within a very strange definition of freedom. And every Venezuelan patriot should realize that the world oil market is a glut today and that the Cuban "solution" would be even more disastrous for his country than it has been for Cuba itself.

Statistics from the far left show every kind of difficulty attending the Alliance for Progress. Many of these statistics are accurate. But they point to no alternatives —except in the clichés, the half-truths of such phrases as revolution, confiscation, and "Yanqui" imperialism. Latin America urgently needs capital investment and industrial skills, and these the Alliance for Progress is prepared to advance. Much of the money will go into the wrong hands, certain oligarchic elements will be reinforced, incredible waste and corruption will without doubt occur. Some American companies will certainly benefit from the program. All this is acknowledged. But the alternatives are even less constructive.

THERE ARE, in addition, several steps which the United States can take to further the positive aims of the Alliance for Progress. It might, for example, be a good idea for U.S. policy to separate itself

* The one exception would be if Russia set up bases in a country like Cuba; then the American military establishment would insist on intervention.

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entirely from private foreign investments, setting up a domestic insurance company to indemnify American companies against possible confiscation; the insurance premiums would be paid by the companies themselves as a credit against their taxes. For nothing can be more ridiculous than the expenditure of enormous sums of public money to protect private companies while at the same time endangering our whole foreign policy as a result. When an argument about who owns how many bananas can almost turn Guatemala into a Soviet satellite, and when the American government is forced because of a conflict over sugar cane to subsidize a Cuban invasion in order to unseat a man who was at the moment the hero of Latin America, it is time—and very high time indeed—to accept once and for all the prime tenet that national self-interest is greater than the self-interest of a small group of American businessmen. It is precisely because many high-placed Americans continued to insist on identifying patriotism with their own economic interests that so much well-informed skepticism has grown up around the Alliance for Progress.

There is enough truth in the most savage criticism of American policies toward Latin America to make any honest man wince. But since our foreign policy is a reflection of domestic policy and the wishes of those who control it, the ultimate answer to American unpopularity lies not abroad but at home. Perhaps the wisest Alliance for Progress would not be one to aid Latin America by enriching its oligarchy and trusting that the rewards will dribble down, but a Reform for Progress inside the United States, which would control the elements in this country that fatten themselves on social inequality everywhere.

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MILTON HIMMELFARB

SCHOLARS CONVENE IN JERUSALEM

LAST SUMMER a World Congress of Jewish Studies was held at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, the third since 1947. About 14 sections, covering Archeology to Yiddish Language and Literature, met simultaneously, more than 150 papers were read, and the attendance sometimes went as high as 2,000. The patron of the Congress was the President of Israel, and a large audience at the opening festive session heard the only two prime ministers Israel has ever had deliver speeches they had obviously written themselves. Besides the Israelis, lecturers and visitors came from all over Western Europe, the United States and Canada, South Africa, and one or two Latin American countries. Scholars from several countries behind the Iron Curtain had been expected, but the only one actually allowed out was a Christian from East Germany, a specialist in the Dead Sea literature. Among the many other Christians present were a large number of Catholic priests, mostly from Belgium, Italy, and especially Spain.

The Congress was an unqualified success despite the absence of some first-magnitude stars like Saul Lieberman, Salo W. Baron, Edwin R. Goodenough (who was to read a paper), Harry A. Wolfson, Leo Strauss, Ezekiel Kaufmann, Gershom Scholem, and Martin Buber (the last two being members of the organizing committee). The average level of presentation and discussion was high. Besides, people from all over the world had a chance to meet and assay each other. Friendships were formed and invitations given and accepted. When any scholarly conference does this, it has done well.

I was there to learn what I could about the present state and direction of Jewish studies and, more particularly, about the effects of Israeli circumstances and outlooks on the practice of Jewish scholarship in Israel. As to state and direction, no generalization is possible. Mostly, the methods and approaches that have always characterized modern Jewish scholarship are still in use, and rarely was there evidence of a sensibility or an angle of vision that could only be contemporary. Perhaps the feeling one got of the Jewishness of early Christianity, from both Jewish and Christian scholars, might be considered as new; but the newness would then be less in the idea itself than in its being more widely shared and perhaps more deeply felt, on both sides, than ever before.

The importance of Spain in Bible scholarship *was* strikingly new. Modern Bible scholarship has been largely German, Scandinavian, Dutch, Anglo-American, and to some extent French. It is easy to explain the eminence of those nations in this branch of learning—the Calvinist and Lutheran traditions of a learned clergy; scholarly interest in Near Eastern culture and civilization, whether ancient or modern, arising out of imperial conquest; a strong academic tradition in linguistics and the classics; application of saga and folklore research to the ancient Near East. Spanish circumstances have not encouraged scholarship of that kind. Yet a handful of Spaniards have been doing much work toward publishing an edition of the Hebrew Bible which—together with the forthcoming Hebrew University Bible, decided on at the second Congress, in 1957—will soon challenge the long monopoly of the German Kittel-Kahle

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Biblia Hebraica. For some reason, perhaps related to Franco's concern with the southern and eastern Mediterranean, the Spanish government decided fifteen or twenty years ago to encourage Arabic and, by extension, Hebrew scholarship. A few scholars, mostly priests, set themselves to master the new subject matter of Hebrew, and they now rank among the outstanding students of the Bible text in the world.

As to how Israelis cultivate Jewish scholarship, I brought with me some information about what they have been doing and some expectations about life in Israel. I thought I understood that life, understood the attitudes it gave rise to, and understood the effect of those attitudes. What I saw and heard led me to change my mind, slightly on some points and considerably on others. I had arrived as a friend with certain apprehensions about parochialism and Israelism. I left less apprehensive.

The Israelis themselves keep worrying about parochialism. One reason for their having an international Congress in Jerusalem was to relieve that worry, which arises from their smallness and their being hemmed in by hostile neighbors. In the same summer they were hosts to city managers and plastic surgeons from everywhere. They joke about their passion for international conferences.

They are right to be worried, because parochialism is a danger. I had supposed that it was something more as well, an actuality, but I think I was wrong. Last year was the 2,500th anniversary of what has been called Cyrus the Great's Balfour Declaration, which authorized the Judean exiles in Babylonia to return to Palestine. Not only to celebrate the anniversary, but also to assert Israel's contemporary friendships in Asia and the non-Western world generally, the committee in charge invited an Iranian authority on Old Persian to open the first plenary session with a paper on Zoroastrian messianism. (He droned it in French.) Obviously, this was as much a gesture by the government as a decision by the scholars, but whatever their motives, the Israelis were consciously doing what they could to ward off parochialism.

Then there was the very nature of the Congress itself—its inclusive definition of Jewish studies and the participation in it of a large number of Christians. The agenda of the Congress was what a composite agenda of four American societies might be like: the American Academy for Jewish Research, cultivating the *Wissenschaft des Judentums* as it has been understood for a century and a half, with a textual and philological emphasis and a preference for rabbinics, history of philosophy, and the Arabic age in Jewish history; YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, emphasizing Yiddish language and literature and East European Jewish folklore, economics, and politics; the Conference on Jewish Social Studies, for modern and contemporary history and sociology; and the American Society for Biblical Literature and Exegesis, with a predominantly Christian membership. In the United States, Bible and archeology appear infrequently on the programs of the Jewish scholarly societies. At the Congress in Jerusalem too, if the sections on Bible, archeology, Dead Sea Scrolls, and the ancient Near East had been excluded, there would have been few Christian lecturers or auditors; but in Israel it would have been absurd to exclude those subjects. In the United States what we call Jewish studies has a relation to Bible and archeology something like the relation of Jewish education to general education: it is supplementary. In Israel, a Congress of Jewish Studies could attract men like André Dupont-Sommer of the Sorbonne.

In fact, the Congress was not only less parochial, in this sense, than a Jewish scholarly society in the United States, it was also less parochial than the average learned society of any kind in the United States. At the sessions I sampled, the papers and discussion were in Hebrew, English, French, and German. In contrast, American scholarship is almost completely dependent on English. Durkheim and Weber are translated from French and German as much for our professors as for our undergraduates, and in an American social-science journal a footnote reference to a work in a foreign language is rare. We take this so much for granted that we do not see how scandalous it is, how offensive to the ideal of an international republic of learning. By the linguistic standard—though of course it would be wrong to judge by that alone—American

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scholarship is more parochial than Swedish, or Dutch, or Israeli, or even Spanish scholarship. At the sessions I attended there were papers by two Spanish scholars: one, by a layman, was in German and the other, by a priest, was in French.

The Congress took place during a lull in the Eichmann trial and shortly after a crowd in Jerusalem had shown its displeasure with an American fundamentalist missionary's use of candy and other spiritual inducements of that sort to entice children from poor and devout families into his mission. In the American press there had been some talk of powerful anti-Gentile sentiments in Israel. I saw nothing of the kind. The Israelis who made up the Congress's audience were hardly a representative cross-section of the population, but I think it meant something that even the obviously Orthodox seemed to be hospitable, rather than merely correct, to the Christian clergymen among the visitors.

More generally, if parochialism implies sameness, Israeli society is as far from parochial as can be. Everywhere there was a great variety of human types. One morning I saw an old Jew from an Arab country on a donkey in a busy Jerusalem street, and an hour later I was speaking at the University with two men, a poet in his forties and a former revolutionist about sixty, who between them had spent thirty-five years in Soviet slave-labor camps. Nor were the newspapers and radio parochial. They had a sensible coverage of domestic and foreign news, and in foreign news a sensible distribution between what was of special importance to Israel and what was more general.

NOT MANY languages of comparable historical and cultural importance are spoken by so few people as Hebrew, but that has not made Israel parochial. The first and obvious fact is that most educated Israelis are more proficient in foreign languages than most educated Frenchmen or Americans, who are tempted to believe that their tongues are universal rather than national. In Jerusalem the university and private bookstores are more polyglot than in New York or Paris. The revival of Hebrew must be seen as a triumph of the human spirit and will, rather than as just another linguistic self-assertion by a small nation.

The priest who wrote his paper in French being ill, a Spanish monk stationed in Jerusalem read it for him, rather haltingly. After a few minutes, annoyed by a draft, he called out in rapid-fire Hebrew, "Will someone please shut that damned window!" (An American murmured to a colleague, "It's frightening.") Again, of the papers read in Hebrew one of the most impressive, for language as much as for content, was by Professor Schubert, a young Catholic scholar from Austria, on an aspect of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Hebrew was used less in the Bible, archeology, and related sections, with their many Christian participants and auditors, and in the section on contemporary Jewry, with many Jews from abroad, than in most others. Even the Israeli scholars in those sections tended to use English, out of courtesy to their guests. But the signs are unmistakable. Though Christian Hebraists have been the great lexicographers and grammarians of the Bible, only a few have been like Franz Delitzsch, who translated the New Testament into Hebrew, in mastering the whole range of the language. Now they will have to learn more than is found in the classical lexicons and grammars.

Impressed as I was by all this, I was not surprised. Lectures in Hebrew were an old story, and it is also an old story that for an elite even dead languages can be living. When Berlin classicists, honoring Gilbert Murray, praised him in Latin, he was so moved that he forgot himself and responded in Greek. To this day Latin is spoken in some Catholic seminaries, and in the first part of the 19th century it was still the language of the Hungarian parliament—though the Latinity was not Cicero's.

What really shook me was to hear the chambermaids in my hotel chattering away in Hebrew. I told myself that I should not have been surprised, that I had known this was so, and that I was yielding to the sentimentality derided by the Israeli joke: "Jewish train engineers, for the first time in two thousand years!" But knowing-about and really knowing are not the same, and the chambermaids *were* gossiping in Hebrew for the first time in two thousand years. For the contemporaries of R. Judah the Prince it was something to wonder at that his maidservants spoke Hebrew, and spoke it so well. Aramaic had long been the vernacular.

A young colored man attending the sec-

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tion on Hebrew language and literature was a Christian Ethiopian studying at the University. Just as other students from Africa and Asia were learning how to apply Israeli irrigation or cooperative or trade-union methods to their countries, so he was learning from the example of Hebrew how to help his people make an old language say new things. It is the scholars and writers, amateur as well as professional, who have accomplished this. At the Congress my teacher Abraham S. Halkin lectured to a large audience on the attitude of medieval Jews toward Hebrew. In the Arab lands, especially Spain, they felt guilty about neglecting Hebrew, but wrote in Arabic. They thought that Hebrew could not express complex philosophical thought, while Arabic seemed to have been almost providentially appointed for that purpose. The thoughts Professor Halkin was expressing in Hebrew, like the thoughts of the historians, philosophers, mathematicians, and scientists at the University itself, were not lacking in complexity, yet he, like the University teachers, found Hebrew thoroughly adequate. Only a few months before, the Tunisian students' association had declared that French should continue to be their language of higher education because Arabic was not suited for it. The irony was almost too heavy—in the Middle Ages Jews thought Hebrew hopelessly clumsier than Arabic; today Hebrew meets the needs of a vigorous intellectual life, while Arabs regard Arabic as being out of place in a university.

I HAD FEARED that an excessive Israeli patriotism and feelings of superiority toward Jews and Jewish scholars in the Diaspora might be distorting the Jewish scholarship of Israel. Some years ago, for instance, an Israeli historian indulged his Palestinocentric bias so extravagantly as to date the beginning of modern Jewish history from a time in the 18th century when some Hasidic rabbis and their followers went up to Palestine. (The usual dating is from the French Revolution, with its transformation of European and Jewish society and thought. My own preference is for the mid-17th century, with the Peace of Westphalia's secularization of politics, the victory of cash-nexus economics, the reversal of the Jews' west-to-east migration in Europe after Chmielnicki, the settlement of Jews in New Amsterdam, and their resettlement in England. That was also when the mystical heretic and false messiah Shabbethai Zevi and the rationalist heretic Benedict Spinoza —Sephardim, and therefore with family memories of expulsion from Spain or expedient baptism—pointed the way to modernity for Jews. Shabbethai Zevi, as Gershom Scholem has shown, had some later followers active in the French Revolution and others in the creation of Reform Judaism; and Leo Strauss has shown that Spinoza, in the *Tractatus theologico-politicus,* was the first not only to advocate a secular society of ex-Christians and ex-Jews—Moses Mendelssohn's ideal a hundred years later, according to his 19th-century biographer Steinheim—but also to assert the possibility of a secular Zionism.

Other instances of Palestinocentric distortion are less clear-cut. When a Palestinian Jewish historian of the Mandate period described Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai as a collaborator with the Romans not essentially different from Josephus, rather than as the hero who assured the continuity of Judaism after the Temple was destroyed, he could make a good scholarly argument for that proposition. Still, his ideology was showing. Micah Joseph Berditchevsky, whose Zionism was a kind of Nietzschean protest against Rabbinical and Diaspora Judaism as an unmanly, spiritualizing passivism, had said the same sort of thing. So had the poet Saul Tchernikhovsky. And so, in an important sense, had their ideological enemies, the Yiddishist Diaspora nationalists. All agreed that Western Jews, writing in Gentile languages, were afraid to tell the full truth or could not even see the truth, because they wore the blinkers of accommodationist ideologies and myths of Jewish nobility, if only in the form of noble suffering.

This could not be dismissed so easily as dating modern Jewish history from the *'aliyah* of some Hasidim. After all, it was Leopold Zunz, the founder of modern Jewish studies about one hundred and fifty years ago, who had said: "If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews can challenge the aristocracy of every land," etc.; and the requirements of

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emancipation had always been present to his mind. So the Israelis, and the Zionists, and the autonomists had a point.

But might they not be making too much of a good thing? It was a Diaspora historian in the great tradition of Zunz, Salo Baron, who vigorously repudiated the "lachrymose interpretation" of Jewish history, showing its roots in a religious ideology and the needs of communal discipline and control. At the Congress I was amused that it was a French Jew, not an Israeli, who in an aside accomplished a neat bit of Baronian debunking. In medieval Latin documents relating to Jews, the abbreviation *dus* sometimes appears before the name. *Dus* can represent either *dominus* (Master or Sir) or *dictus* (the aforesaid or aforementioned). Scholars used to assume that for a Jew the abbreviation must have the second meaning, because if a Jew was a sufferer by definition, how could Christians give him a title of respect? Dr. Blumenkranz showed that whatever we may have supposed, the *dus* before a Jew's name is often read *dominus*.

I was relieved to see that the Israelis were not overdoing it, but instead were using some of the real advantages of their experience for understanding the past more perspicuously. After the Iranian had read his paper on Zoroastrian messianism, two Israelis lectured, Dr. Tadmor on the political background of Cyrus's edict to the Jews and Professor Urbach on the Rabbis' attitudes to him. Dr. Tadmor observed that Cyrus, a foreign monarch, was encouraged by the priesthood of Marduk to overthrow their own king, who had demoted their god from his primacy in the Babylonian pantheon, and that the restoration of the Jews was a kind of incidental by-product of a general policy of restoring the cultic *status quo ante* throughout the empire. By being an Israeli, by having personally experienced the Balfour Declaration in our day and having learned how a great power can arrive at decisions fateful for Jews, this scholar was helped to understand the earlier Balfour Declaration in a new and convincing way.

Professor Urbach's paper almost demonstratively refused to apply such labels as collaborationism to the Rabbis' political philosophy and pointedly asserted that while attitudes toward the present can affect attitudes toward the past, sometimes it is the other way around. His problem was the Rabbis' equivocal feelings about Cyrus, centuries before them. On the one hand, Cyrus was the Lord's shepherd (Isaiah 44:28) and annointed (*meshiho*, His *mashiah*!—45:1), who brought the exile to an end; but on the other hand, he did not abolish idolatry or himself acknowledge the true God. When another would-be Cyrus appeared, Julian the Apostate (scil., from Christianity to paganism), the Rabbis' coolness to the past Persian emperor made them ignore the contemporary Roman's offer to restore the Temple destroyed by his predecessors. It was just as well. Julian died within the year.

As STRIKING as the new Spanish eminence in the study of the Bible text is the Israeli lead in the study of Jewish mysticism. One can understand why that is a more respectable field of research now than it was in the last century, when nearly every Jewish scholar treated it with revulsion. The victory of the Jewish rationalists in their struggle with the obscurantist enemy; the Freudian revolution; the repeated demonstrations since, say, the Dreyfus case, that myth and nonrational belief affect the destinies of men and nations—all have had their effect. Even the classicists, who used to hold up the Greeks as a model of rationality, have long since had to come to terms with the Greeks and the Irrational. But why, in the Jewish field, should mysticism—including Hasidism—be so predominantly an Israeli subject of inquiry? Hasidism is treated extensively and sympathetically in Yiddish literature—Peretz, Bashevis Singer, etc.—while Hebrew writers like Bialik, though not strangers to it, tend to ignore it. (It may be that Yiddish writers had a linguistic and an ideologically plebeian fondness for a movement that expressed itself largely in Yiddish and was plebeian, while the more elitist Hebrew writers disliked it for those reasons. But even if this conjecture is sound, there must be other reasons as well.)

It is not enough to say that the Israeli domination in the study of Jewish mysticism is due to one man. To be sure, the great explorer and cartographer of this dark continent, Gershom Scholem, has been at the Hebrew University since the 1920's, and the influence of an outstanding man is not to be underestimated. He could have done

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his work and probably raised up disciples anywhere. But Scholem himself implies that there is a relationship between his being a Zionist (and an Israeli) and his specialization. He has written that after beginning his university studies in mathematics and physics, he turned to Semitic languages, and then to Jewish mysticism. After publishing his first book, he met the ranking German authority, who was exceptional in bothering with mysticism at all—an old, alert rabbi, a 19th-century liberal and a disciple of the great Heinrich Graetz (who hated mysticism). Impressed by that scholar's manuscripts and rare books, Scholem congratulated him on being able to study such documents. To which the old man answered: *"Was? Den Quatsch soll ich auch noch lesen?"* ("You don't really expect me to *read* that drivel, too?") Then says Scholem, he understood much that he had not understood before. He is emphatic about "our readiness to know and acknowledge *all* the forces that have sustained the Jewish people *as a living body* in all the vicissitudes of its history"—presumably in contrast to the unreadiness of the German (French, etc.) citizens of the Mosaic persuasion, who had to deny, to themselves and others, that the disreputable Cabbala had been so powerful for so long.

There is in Israel, then, a willingness, or rather an eagerness, to recognize and make public Jewish realities that non-Israeli Jews are squeamish about. (For me some of the citations in Scholem's recent *Jewish Gnosticism . . . and Talmudic Tradition* were strong meat, grossly anthropomorphic.) But beyond that, and beyond Scholem's ability to attract and inspire, I think there is something about Israeli life which helps to explain why so many young people—not absolutely, perhaps, but at least relatively—specialize in his field. It may even explain why so many of his students, relatively, are women. (The equality of the sexes in Israel does not seem to have produced many women Talmudists or, as far as I could make out, Bible scholars.) In Israel Jewish mysticism, or more precisely messianism (or pseudo-messianism), is felt to be relevant. Scholem has demonstrated, for the Cabbala, its close link to the yearning for national redemption; and for pseudo-messianism, especially of the various wings of Shabbethai Zevi's movement, the ambiguous relation of its antinomianism to normative Judaism and its capacity to be channeled from a kind of proto-Zionism into aspirations of a universally messianic character. For young Israeli intellectuals, whether Zionists or the heirs of Zionism, that complex of affirmations and negations, visions and discontents, is not merely something out there, in the past. If we set aside the theosophy of Shabbethai Zevi and his descendants, much remains of their doctrine which has a contemporary flavor—the attempt to affirm while transcending or actually negating traditional Judaism, the blending of Jewish and universal longings, activism in the pursuit of the impossible. Above all, Israelis know, by the lives they have lived, how an obsessive vision can overcome reality.

So much for the ideology of Jewish scholarship in Israel. As for its sociology, the Congress was proof that Israeli Jewish scholars stand in a uniquely favorable relation to their subject, to their public, and to their colleagues in other fields of learning. Ever since the beginning of the *Wissenschaft des Judentums,* its practitioners in Europe and America have been in a situation resembling the one that modern poets complain about: isolated, talking to each other, without a public, without a recognized and respected place in the community. (The annual *Proceedings* of the American Academy for Jewish Research are distributed in a few hundred copies.) Those committed to Jewish learning of the old-fashioned kind have had little use for the new scholarship, suspecting it—often correctly—of heterodoxy. This leaves the emancipated as a potential public. But few emancipated Jews in Europe or America have the equipment or the interest to follow what the scholars are doing. Even emancipated former students of the old-fashioned *yeshivot* usually turn their backs on Jewish studies. If they are scholars or retain scholarly interests, their fields are the sciences, or the social sciences, or the general humanities. The loneliness of Zunz and Steinschneider in the 19th century was not much more intense than their successors' in the 20th.

Instead of being likened to poets in the United States, the Israeli scholars may be likened to historians of the Civil War in

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the United States. They do not talk to themselves. They have a public and a standing. What they do and say is reported in the newspapers. The President and the Prime Minister take them seriously. President Ben Zvi, who had a reception for the guests of the Congress, has done important things in Jewish ethnology, and Prime Minister Ben Gurion is an eager consumer of Jewish scholarship. In his opening address to the Congress Mr. Ben Gurion urged the scholars to do more research into Jewish messianism and messianic ideals. Afterward I heard someone, not an Israeli, grumble about a would-be Zhdanov telling the scholars what they should do. The critic had it all wrong. If I were an Israeli scholar I would not resent the interest or even the advice. It is lack of interest that I would resent. English classical scholars must envy their predecessors, who lived when the classics counted and every other Mr. Bennet was trying his hand at translating Horace, the Government and Opposition benches capped each other's quotations from the elegiac poets, and Gladstone wrote a fine book on the Homer question.

About the same time as the Congress, a yeshivah in Bene Beraq, an Orthodox stronghold near Tel Aviv, was conducting an annual week-long retreat—as we assimilated Jews in America would call it—for Talmud study. This too was covered in the press, which reported an attendance of several hundred workers, farmers, businessmen, men in the professions, and government officials. One interview I remember was with a lieutenant colonel in the army, who had fallen away somewhat from Orthodox practice but looked forward every year to that week in the yeshivah as a chance to refresh his mind and spirit. People like that can be an informed, enthusiastic public for Jewish scholarship, and despite all the secularization that has taken place, Israel is likely to continue producing them over the years. At the Congress I was impressed by the number of Israeli lecturers and auditors with heads covered, and by the easy relations between them and the bareheaded. There are many, who may be described as liberal Orthodox, who are very much at home in the Hebrew University, whether as historians, or physicists, or physicians. And for all the talk of a *Kulturkampf* between the Orthodox and the rest of the Israelis, no one is stared at because he wears a *kippah* on the street or at work. (A man who wears the skimpy, varicolored *kippah* one sees in Israel is likely to encounter unpleasantness only among the stand-pat Orthodox, who seem more offended by headgear that is not black and ample than by none at all.)

In the academic community itself, Israeli practitioners of Jewish scholarship are in the thick of things and not, as they would probably be somewhere else, off in a corner, having merely personal relations with scholars in other fields. In Israel the contact between those in Jewish scholarship and classicists, general historians, orientalists, sociologists, etc., is sustained and nourishing. Many of the learned are themselves part of the public for Jewish scholarship. In short, the difficulties of people pursuing Jewish scholarship in Israel are the difficulties of all scholars—income, jobs—rather than the disabilities of people in a specialty regarded as eccentric and irrelevant.

This does more than keep the Jewish scholars from being too actively unhappy. Knowledge that their public has fairly high standards offsets temptations to court celebrity by hasty popularization and by vulgar modernization of the past. They are also aware that they are, after all, men of here and now. That awareness, which comes harder to scholars when their field is remote from general interest, is a safeguard against unconscious bias. (To be free of bias altogether is not given to us.)

Still, the Israeli scholars would be better served if there were an informed non-Israeli public for them as well, if only to balance the Palestinocentrism of both scholars and public in Israel.

AFTER THE Congress was over, a two-day tour in Galilee was arranged for the visitors. As a handsome gesture of hospitality, two distinguished archeologists talked about their digs, each at the site for which he was responsible — Professor Mazar at Bet She'arim and Professor Yadin at Hazor.

At Bet She'arim, R. Judah the Prince's seat, parts of a large necropolis had been uncovered, where members of the Jewish upper classes from Palestine and neighboring countries were buried in the early Christian centuries. Their coffins were stone sarcoph-

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agi, carved in what appeared to my inexpert eyes to be a somewhat clumsy, provincial Roman style. But what were Jews doing with stone sarcophagi—especially since the inscriptions commemorate not only *archisynagogoi* (presidents of congregations) but also rabbis? Perhaps naively retrojecting into the past the unadorned wooden coffin, with wooden pegs, of our more immediate ancestors, I had always thought that law-abiding Jews were buried in great simplicity. The Mishnah records that when the poor began to abandon their dead without burial, because of the crushing expense of a funeral à la mode, Rabban Gamaliel decreed the simple shroud for all. Apparently he did not decree the simple coffin. Or if he did—or if a simple coffin is to be inferred from the reason for a simple shroud—his contemporaries and the immediately following generations may have regarded the decree as a counsel of perfection rather than as unbreachable law. If, then, later generations took as obligatory what earlier generations had taken as pious advice, that would not be exceptional in Jewish history, which has consistently shown successors extending and legislating what was personal and supererogatory for their predecessors. That which the learned more or less contemporary with Gamaliel disregarded, even the masses of a later age observed with all meticulousness.

An epitaph at Bet She'arim commemorates a certain Julianus, employed in the Roman administration, who was Judah among Jews. The Greek-translation name of a relative of his, R. Nehemiah, was Paregorios (Comforter). Earlier, the Hellenizing Jews against whom the Maccabees made their revolution used to adopt Greek names that sounded something like the Hebrew, e. g., Jason for Joshua, and in the modern period this has been so common that many believe it to be a kind of religious custom, e. g., Arthur for Aaron. Similarly, in modern times Baruch is often translated as Benedict (the same initials helping) and Aryeh as Leon, while in the Middle Ages Shem Tov (Good Name) became the Greek Kalonymos. I should have known from the books and journals, but I had to be physically in Bet She'arim to realize that even in Palestine, and even when Rabbinical Judaism ruled almost unchallenged among the Jews, they were doing the same thing.

MUCH HAS been said about the archeological passion of the Israelis. It has been linked to their feeling, often expressed by Ben Gurion, of being closer to the Israelites of antiquity than to the Diaspora Jews of much more recent times. The archeology of Palestine, after all, is about Palestine. Yet Bet She'arim shows that Palestinian archeology has an ineradicably Jewish quality about it. The comedy of names is Jewish, and if contemporary Israelis are writing a new act—all those thumping, bisyllabic, pristinely Hebraic surnames, and all those long-unused biblical given names ("names from the *haftarah*," the lection from the Prophets, as they are called in Yiddish)—the Israelis are not breaking with a Jewish habit, but merely adding another variant to it.

At Hazor, "the head of all those kingdoms" (Joshua 11: 10), Professor Yadin showed us two strata, a Canaanite city built a few centuries before Joshua and immediately above it the Israelite city built by King Ahab centuries later. It was not hard to follow the demonstration that Ahab's city was less impressive than the Canaanite one on whose ruins it had stood. One of our party found it hard to accept that the Israelite city, though much later than the Canaanite, was yet inferior to it. He must have forgotten that the Bible takes for granted the inferiority of Israelite material culture; e. g., it is Phoenicians (Canaanites) who build Solomon's Temple in I Kings. W. F. Albright's Penguin *Archaeology of Palestine,* which no one at the Congress had the right not to have read, shows how much more advanced than the Israelites their Canaanite predecessors and contemporaries were, and says that only in the realm of the spirit did the Israelite excel. Or, as Zechariah puts it, "not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit." Yadin, a former chief of staff of the Israeli army, is less given than Albright to saying things that can be regarded as homiletical, yet he too had to give Albright's answer. The facts exclude any other. It is, again, a Jewish rather than a Palestinian set of facts.

Everything else about Israeli archeology seems to teach the same lesson. There is the brute reminder of conquest and domination in the Hellenistic, Roman, Byzantine, Crusader, and Arab-Turkish remains. There

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is the provincialness of the local imitations of metropolitan styles. There is, in contrast to the weight and size of all those foreign monuments, the smallness of, say, R. Isaac Luria's (rebuilt) synagogue in Safed. It is small, but from it radiated the Lurianic Cabbala, which so profoundly affected not only Shabbethai Zevi, and not only Hasidism, but even that arch-*mitnagged* R. Elijah, Gaon of Vilna.

IT WAS MY first visit, and I had not expected Israel to be quite that Jewish. For a few months before the Congress I had been participating from time to time in an informal dialogue—or is the word now colloquy?—between some Israeli and some American Jews. One of the things the Americans would tell the Israelis was that from what we knew of Israel, it was not Jewish enough. We were thinking, I suppose, of a moral-emotional tradition associated with minoritiness, including a certain irony about power. We gave examples. We had heard that some young Israelis observe the Fast of the 9th of Av with parties, on the ground that the exile it was supposed to lament has come to an end in Israel, which is the opposite of exile. For the Americans, that was coarse, literal, and insensitive to the traditional Jewish distinction between the Jerusalem below and the Jerusalem above, as well as to the doctrine that all men, everywhere, are still in exile. (Luria taught a relation between Jewish exile and cosmic alienation. It was Shabbethai Zevi who turned fasts into feasts.) Or we had read that some Israelis actually call their children Nimrod, who in the Jewish tradition is the anti-Abraham, the symbol of all that is unJewish.

Perhaps I changed my mind in Israel more than the facts themselves, in the absence of my expectations, would have warranted. But I do not think so. Mr. Ben Gurion, a contemner of the Diaspora's past, scoffer at its present, and skeptic about its future, celebrates rootedness, normalization, sovereign independence; but he is also a visionary believer in the power of the spirit and in a prophetic, messianic future which will be simultaneously Jewish and universal. Indeed, he regards Israeli strength and normality as means, and Jewish spirituality as end.

One can say that Ben Gurion is an exception, or that he is old. Then one discovers that the younger men, especially among his opponents, seem to believe as he does. When the Lavon case erupted, a group of intellectuals within Mapai, his own party, came prominently to public attention, less as pro-Lavonists than as anti-practicalists—practicalism (*bitsu'ism*) being the hard-headed, somewhat statist, somewhat *realpolitisch* temperament and behavior of Ben Gurion and his younger followers. (See Ben Halpern's article in the March *Jewish Frontier.*) These intellectuals, headed by Nathan Rotenstreich, have just published a collection called *Min ha-yesod* ("From the Ground Up"). There is an essay in it by Lavon, in which he asks what Israel's uniqueness among the nations can be. It cannot be industry or technology—or even science, since modern scientific work has become such a collective thing, requiring huge budgets and teams of researchers. "If so," he goes on, "how can Israel be a peculiar people [Deuteronomy]? How can it be a light to the nations [Isaiah]? Israel can be these things only in ways independent of budgets and physical dimensions, namely, in the realm of basic social values. We shall be able to be light to the nations only if we succeed in creating a society whose life, structure, and moral atmosphere are a model. We can be a light to the nations only in so far as we shall be able to build a country which is not a kind of imitation of other countries, but one that shapes an image and a mode of life that express, from a moral, social, and human point of view, a redeeming idea for all mankind." Ben Gurion and his enemy speak the same language.

Whether or not this sort of thing is pretentious, whether or not Israel's most useful course might be to strive for a normality uncomplicated by such visions, the most unexpected people in Israel cannot forget the old Jewish dream. The very archeology of their country, for one thing, will not let them.

It seemed to me that fewer Israelis were engaged in a flight from the Jewish tradition than I had thought and that Jewish scholarship, which is essential for the right understanding and development of the tradition, has found a good home in Israel.

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BENJAMIN DE MOTT

THE ANATOMY OF "PLAYBOY"

AT FIRST GLANCE, the magazines—*Gent, Dude, Nugget, Playboy,* and the rest—seem about as remarkable as bananas in a fruit store.

The widely publicized key feature is a foldout naked babe. The conception, that of a hundred successful publications beginning with the *Spectator* and Sam Richardson's model *Letters,* calls for an editorial voice functioning as a guide for the innocent, a tutor in manners and desires. The finish is standard, high-gloss Formica-American. The lust for respectability (which translates to: eagerness for acceptance by media men in the big agencies) appears identical with that of old *Holidays* and new *Posts* (which means that the magazines are hospitable to what are called Name Writers). The career of the man who launched or re-launched the Form is itself pure convention—one more Lucky Larry tale, as it were, to be added to the annals of entrepreneurial ascent. Yet even after these and other reservations have been gravely meditated, the new girlie books remain hard to write off. They swim, all sleazy Bikini voluptuousness, with fewer hake in their wake, to be sure, than most of the great whales of mass entertainment now wallowing in commentators' kens. But when placed in the context of recent publishing history, their emergence ranks as a major popcultural event.

If the case were otherwise, *Playboy, Gent,* and *Dude* would still retain some power to fascinate. For the conventions that mark the inner and outer story of these magazines, however familiar, are charged with a kind of transfiguring intensity—as though clichés hitherto shaped only in snow or Neoprene were at last being cast in brass. Consider for example the career of the founder of *Playboy.* A nineteen-year-old Chicagoan named Hugh Hefner comes out of the Army in 1946, studies psychology at the University of Illinois and Northwestern, sings with a student band, draws cartoons for the humor magazine, marries his high-school sweetheart, has two children, fails as a cartoonist, fails as a copywriter at *Esquire,* is divorced and flat on his hunkers by 1952—whereupon he has The Idea. He buys one-shot rights to a photograph of beauty bare (Marilyn Monroe), dummies up some pages of jokes and reprint material as a background for the display, sells ten thousand dollars worth of stock in the "magazine" thus contrived. The production first appears in the winter of 1953, swiftly finds its audience (a million subscribers and two million dollars in advertising revenue by 1960)—and even as it is doing so the publisher Branches Out. He establishes big-city key clubs at which readers and non-readers are permitted, on payment of dues ranging from twenty-five

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to fifty dollars, to be served at tables (beneath photomurals of beauties bare) by waitresses called Bunnies: carefully chosen girls who wear plastic horns, satin diapers, heavy breasts, and monkey tails. These ventures prosper in turn (over four and a half million dollars in receipts in 1961; one hundred thousand members in Chicago alone), the publisher builds himself a palace on the Near North Side to house sweet life parties, watches unperturbed as imitators appear, reads about Hefner the "publishing giant" in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and gazes back at his lean past with the serene, public-service eye of the Success who not only has it made, but who has, in fact, introduced a heightening element—early diversification—into a worn-out old *conte* of up-from-knavery.

Or, for another example of cliché irradiated, consider the girlie books' manner of playing their roles as guides to the naive. Other publications teach, but—suspecting that mass audiences are phenomena begot by editorial flattery upon illiterate pride—do not openly declare themselves as teachers. Their gestures imply that all of us are all of you (Dr. Spock yields to his distinguished colleague, Mom). The girlie books, severer masters, yield to nobody. "Our philosophy," says the publisher of *Playboy* in his penthouse, "is that you [not we ourselves: we have arrived] should strive to get into the sophisticated upper crust. . . ." Moreover his letter columns (they may of course be house-written) are filled with remarks in which the *Playboy* audience defines itself as doltish. (A voice from Bellingham, Washington, congratulating the editors for a TV symposium, begins by saying: "This boob from the provinces was much intrigued . . . by your Panel.") And the letter columns of the magazine's competitors are if anything even more direct in their attempt to freeze readers in the attitudes of postulants—witness this characteristic letter to *Gent:*

> I joined the service at the tender young age of 18. Now let's face it, for the most part, a guy up until he's 18 or so doesn't do much supper clubbing or any extensive dinner dating. . . . I've suddenly discovered I know next to nothing. . . . It pains me deeply that I should be considered a 'boob' when once again I join the ranks of Joe Civilian. . . . Frankly I need help.

Further piquancies stem from the awkwardness of the girlie books' effort at manufacturing high style. Most mass magazines, as everyone knows, are correctly viewed not merely as teachers but as glamor factories. The function of the glossy-coated page, as of the images impressed upon it—rubies in refrigerators, diamonds on hubcaps, mink on mustard—is to chicify the homely object, lift it to the levels of elegance defined elsewhere in the magazine. *Playboy's* account of the upper levels is, naturally, conventional. Mercedes Benz is the cartoon car; the addresses of the "Clubs" are quite swell; many ads celebrate standard swank (Witty Bros.; Beefeater); the gourmet talk is all curried crab, and bearded frogs legs; the travel sections tell of smart doings in Vila Franca de Xira. But a number of the homely objects that the glamor machine seeks to buff to the radiance of those just mentioned are very homely indeed, and the machine in consequence often labors under extreme strain. It brushes downward from Miss Rheingold and Chesterfields (normal cutoff points for magazines like the *New Yorker*) to Half and Half smoking tobacco and a men's cologne called Sweat. And the reader who is flung in a page from East Side tailors and English gin into this advertising netherworld can at least say for himself that he has had an amusing experience of marketing chaos.

For the cultural observer, though, the special interest of the periodicals in question depends not at all upon these samplings of chaos or pedagogical forthrightness or mid-century Algerism. The world of mass entertainment, like other worlds, has both an habitual life and cruces or highpoints; and although for a time the popculturist was uncertain how

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to distinguish the one from the other—how, that is, to separate mere occurrences (a season of Ben Casey, a mound of *McCall's*) from significant developments—criteria are beginning to emerge. The surest of these criteria appears to be that which defines a major popcultural event as *success in a declining medium,* or vice versa. And the girlie books plainly qualify as events when judged by this standard. The past decade, as is well known, was catastrophic for mass magazines. Between 1950 and 1960 thirty-two of the country's 250 largest publications quit the game—or merged. And, as Woodrow Wirsig, editor of *Printer's Ink* points out in *Harper's,* "of the magazines reporting their profit and loss statements in 1960, 39 percent showed losses." Aware of these statistics, no one can shuffle away the success of the girlie books into an easy generalization about rising literacy rates or normal patterns of production and consumption. Vulgar or dull, shy or brash, U or non-U, these magazines stand as counterthrusts to current reading trends, manifestations of a free impulse of public taste. And it is for this reason that their claim to regard, as puzzles worth more than a moment's effort to solve, cannot be dismissed out of hand.

As might be guessed, the key to the puzzle lies in the nature of the magazines' simplification of experience. The *Playboy* world is first and last an achievement in abstraction: history, politics, art, ordinary social relations, religion, families, nature, vanity, love, a thousand other items that presumably complicate both the inward and outward lives of human beings—all have been emptied from it. In place of the citizen with a vote to cast or a job to do or a book to study or a god to worship, the editors offer a vision of the whole man reduced to his private parts. Out of the center of this being spring the only substantial realities—sexual need and sexual deprivation.

From one point of view this particular reduction appears an accomplishment requiring little ingenuity. It is known that, just as great fear (in a fox hole) overwhelms the forces that divert people from Faith, so great heat (in a period of rut) overwhelms the forces that divert people from sexual absorption. And from this it follows that to simplify both people and situations you have only to induce heat—an easy task for any photographer or writer. There is, however, one strong locus of resistance to the idea of experience as pure fornication (actual or potential). Alone in his chambers a reader may believe that the world is his erection, but on the thoroughfare or in the office or in a back seat he has encountered conflicting testimony—someone's obliviousness to his need, a moment of rebuff, suffusion of shame. Between the hand on the paper Playmate and total acceptance of fornication as the World-Soul falls, in fine, the shadow of memory. And it is to the struggle against this shadow, the effort to block out the collective memory of incompleted passes, that the girlie books summon their full resources of deviousness.

The campaign, to call it that, strikes in several directions, but its main force goes to an attack on the notion that, for women, reluctance is the norm and eagerness the exception. *I* burn, memory says, but perhaps they do not. The magazines say: nonsense, they are always burning, are mad for it, have got to have it, are wild wild wild to be snatch. The chief exhibit in substantiation of the claim is of course the foldout naked babe. Wherever she is (Oslo, Rome, Nassau, Rio), whatever her occupation (iceskating, skindiving, motorcycling, scratching her toes, aquaplaning, trapdrumming), her eyes say: Oh please *please* give it to me now. And these eyes, these begging burning empty hands, are not to be dismissed as exotica. In a dozen canny ways the magazines undertake to establish that the nude in Nassau and the stenotypist in Schenectady—the sexbomb and the "ordinary girl"—are actually one creature: Essential Woman. The cor-

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respondence columns are filled with relaxed expressions of interest or opinion from "working gals"—proof that the girlie books' sense of experience appears sound to the Average Woman. Male correspondents apply the descriptive jargon of the magazines to their own experience ("Now that I have a Bunny of my own . . .")—proof that the *Playboy* characterization of women nicely fits the facts of commonplace works and days. More important, the magazines are at pains to demonstrate that their artistes are figures chosen from "all walks of life," not simply from burlesque runways (one form-shower, Miss Cynthia Maddox, is described as a receptionist; another, Miss Janet Pilgrim, is described as *Playboy*'s subscription manager and chief of "Reader Service"). Occasionally a breakdown occurs. The December '61 issue of *Gent* carried a letter from "Mr. Erwin Fuchs" of Passaic, New Jersey inquiring whether the real name of an artiste featured in an earlier issue wasn't "Jeanette Camille Swanson who used to be a stripper and appeared at Minsky's in Newark . . . ?" (The editor in his answer evaded the question.) But queries of this sort are excluded from most issues, and the pretense is firmly kept up: the desperate gaze is the gaze of Everywoman; she, they, all are at one with you, reader, in need.

And how overpowering, how maddeningly intense is this need! In the joke columns the pressure is lightened a trifle; the lecherous woman is gently teased (". . . the legal secretary who told her amorous boyfriend 'Stop and/or I'll slap your face' "; "Our Unabashed Dictionary defines assault as what every woman likes to be taken with a grain of"). And since the photographs speak for themselves, the cutlines beneath them venture little more than a suggestion, say, that the subject prefers copulation to conversation. (About bare-breasted "willowy Marya Carter," for example, the patient editorial voice of *Playboy* observes only that she works hard at "thesping studies, relaxes with the many boat-swains who find her a ship shape date to remember [though quick to put the damper on overly opinionated types who talk at length, she gets along swimmingly with more considerate types]. . . .") But the plain-text portions of the magazines are ridden page on page by the theme of female lust. Dozens of "ribald classics," chosen for the force of their dramatization of the appetites of women, are dragged out of the past into the glossy pages. *Gent* offers paraphrases of *Fanny Hill* in support of a redefinition of female innocence as a condition of intense orgiastic expectation. *Playboy* serializes the sad, sex-ridden sagas of Françoise Sagan for the purpose of proving that the Litry Lady herself, the big-money-high-class-sports-car Intellectual, has "nothing else on her mind." Even the casual spot drawing is placed in service of the effort to create the ferocious female Urge as supreme reality. The white space on a page of a recent *Playboy* was dressed with three sketches of a man shaving with an electric razor, in the company of a Miss Buxom clad in black stockings and gloves. In the first panel the girl studies the wallplug to which the razor is attached; the second shows her pulling the plug from the wall—the man still shaves, owing to the current she generates; in the third, the girl holds the razor cord in her hands and smiles down approvingly as the man touches the buzzing machine to her pleased nipple.

MERE ASSERTIONS OF FEMALE SEXuality, like those just cited, announce the existence of a common need, imply that rebuff is the exceptional rather than the normal experience—but of course this in itself hardly suffices to quiet every misgiving. Granted that if my pass had been made at another girl, it might have succeeded, why did it fail on the occasion I remember? If fornication is all, whence came the resistance that embarrassed me? The threat to a closed sex-driven world implicit in such questions is evident. Belief in the primacy of the needs and inter-

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ests of individual playboys and girls can be sustained only as long as no competing interests are defined; one touch of the superego, one breath of the common air, one allusion either to social disapproval of promiscuity or moral approval of procreation and the reader is thrown back from the beguiling simplicity of sex fantasy into the tearing thickets of ordinary life. Despite the challenge, however, despite the apparent impossibility of rationalizing resistance without alluding directly to the demands and interests of society, the girlie books manage to face up to the threatening questions without in any serious sense smutching their pure, constructed world.

The modes of address to these questions are two in number. In the first, resistance is treated lightly, understood as part of a game called Appearances and Proprieties. As is obvious, there is a measure of daring in the admission of these terms to print; in common usage both words imply a social will that exists outdoors, beyond the isolated self, in a garden dense with spiky symbols of restraint and domesticity—cops, ministers, house detectives, Mann Acts, actions for non-support, double ring ceremonies, dishwashing, PTA meetings, and the like. In the girlie books, however, none of these ominous suggestions appear. Appearances and Proprieties are defined—in stories, cartoons, even in layouts of bachelor quarters—as handmaids to delectation. They are no more to be condemned as evidence of Social Hypocrisy than are the statutes which prohibit catchers from dropping third strikes: they simply add touches of pleasurable intrigue to intimacy. The magazines acknowledge that styles of play vary in this game; they concede too that sticklers for rules may indeed *look* very uncooperative; and they take sober account of letters like the following (from "B. B." of New York):

> Recently I asked a young lady of my acquaintance if she would care to spend a weekend with me in Las Vegas. She seemed delighted at the idea, and replied that she would be more than happy to be my guest. Then, after I had bought a pair of plane tickets and was about to telegraph for a room reservation, she advised me that, of course, it was going to be separate quarters. I now regret having asked her—but I don't know how to back out gracefully. What would be a suitable course of action in a situation such as this?

But in answering such letters the magazines do not even glance at the possibility that the weight of some impersonal law or convention may stand behind the young lady's position. "Honor your word and go," writes the "Playboy Advisor" to "B. B.," restating the view that concern about proprieties amounts to proof of availability. ". . . Her acceptance of the invitation and her insistence on the proprieties of separate accommodations imply a desire to maintain appearances coupled with a tacit willingness to be persuaded once you're on the scene."

In the second mode of address to the question, How is a man to understand rebuff?, feminine reluctance is treated seriously—as sin. The argument here is quick-shifting and complex, to be sure. The magazines' primary principles are those which maintain the equality of sexual need and the relative triviality of most girlish hesitation. But there are secondary principles, introduced both to accommodate the more stubborn doubts and to add dramatic tension to the constructed world (dullness conceivably could be the issue of a perpetual coincidence of rut and estrus). And these principles acknowledge the reality of individual crimes, individual constraint. The key word once again *is* individual. The workings of evil, as traceable in the psyche of the seriously reluctant girl, aren't to be understood in light of social directives or institutions; they are rather to be seen as the consequence of personal failings: the girl has limited self-knowledge, or is sentimental, power-mad, or greedy. The latter motive, greed, is most often cited as the moral disease of which reluctance is the symptom. Sallies at the golddigger range from clumsy aphorisms ("Year in and year out . . . the

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most popular [color] among women remains long green") to febrile, full-length stories. (A recent tale by a writer named Ken Purdy centers on a beautiful clairvoyant who uses her gifts to gull a wary millionaire into marriage. The girl has a vision of herself, shortly after the marriage, in the act of murdering her husband for being unfaithful to her. She describes the vision to her husband, and he responds with a proposal that they separate; the story ends with her answer, a fierce, dollar-crossed *No.*)

But some attention is also paid to other moral ailments—with the incidental result of a gain in literary variety. An essay by Alfred Kazin abusing "The Cult of Love" is admitted to *Playboy*—because the essayist's critique of people who believe in the possibility of a perpetually loving connection between two human beings has the effect of putting down the Bad Woman who cannot bear to confront her essential animality. A forum on the "galloping womanization" of America featuring intelligent praise of the second sex by Ashley Montagu and others is tolerated—because the voice of the editor has the first and last word, a speech against marriage ("the source of an aggressively domineering womanhood").

As these examples indicate, the effort to equate reluctance with individual sin sometimes leads the girlie books in the direction of misogyny. There are occasional stories in which fornication is treated as a chore. (One story tells of a rich, indulgent father who helps his son win the girl of his choice in face of the disapproval of the girl's detestably ugly mother; the service performed by the father is that of fornicating with the prospective mother-in-law, in order to persuade her to think well of him and therefore of his son, her daughter's suitor.) And adumbrations of the theme of the holy marriage of males are not infrequent. But these themes rarely dominate a whole issue of any of the magazines. They amount only to a kind of epicycle, as it were, a corrective adjustment insuring the perfect rounding off of the greater argument. The latter can be summarized as follows: The world is a collection of individual human beings each burning with sexual need. Evil exists—in the form of personal, pathological motives that lead certain individuals to face away from the truth of their need. But Good also exists—free copulation undertaken in accordance with Appearances and Proprieties, rules which (properly considered) increase the pleasure of the act rather in the way that nets on tennis courts increase the pleasure of tennis players. And, in the grand reckoning of experience, the victories of Good greatly outnumber the victories of Evil.

For the popculturist not the least interesting aspect of this version of experience is its point of connection with the versions developed in some notable magazine successes of recent times. The girlie books, in contriving a closed, abstract world driven by inward heat, banish a number of traditional Ideals or Values—as for example, belief in the possibility that love is not a racket, or in the theory of fidelity as a virtue, or in a relationship between femininity and goodness (the good woman is an animal in heat, like the good man); they free their readers from an old burden—nagging intuitions of consecration, forced acknowledgments of a higher, sanctified object. And precisely the same observation can be made about such periodicals as the *New Yorker* and the Luce string, which themselves are, at bottom, enormously successful enterprises at reduction. For all the pleasant rural pathos of its covers, the shy egalitarian gentleness of its tone, and the passionate sentimentality of its embrace of Down East "natives," the *New Yorker* is an anti-pastoral; as it separates the slicker from the rube by touring Elmira and Dubuque for the pure comedy of Upstate or the Midlands, shrugging off the "country" and national solidarity, it releases its audience

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from the wearing piety of a democratic ideal. And for all its "firm conservatism," *Time* is uninterruptedly engaged in promoting disbelief in the different man, the larger talent, the holy genius. It seems reasonable to conclude from these examples, together with that of *Playboy,* that an important desideratum for a fresh magazine success in the present age is a sharply focused, infinitely manipulable hostility to some enervated piety: nothing less than this can simultaneously simplify modern experience while offering readers absolute assurances of their modernity.

But an evening with the girlie books not only leads to speculation about the elements governing the success or failure of mass magazines, it confirms certain guesses concerning popular understanding of modernity itself. Why, to ask the inevitable question, is the present moment marked by extreme susceptibility to the *Playboy* fantasy—a societyless world in which ordinary ideals and standards are neither attacked nor mocked but simply "treated" as nonexistent? The stock answer would speak of the "decay of values." The significant deficiency of the answer—as can be deduced from *Playboy* itself—is that the idea of decay does not accord with popular notions about the relation between Then and Now. The use of the word implies a present that is worn-out, beaten by natural processes (erosion, mutability), too weak to believe as older generations believed. Whereas the sense of the present implicit in *Playboy* is fresh and liberated: people who share it might date the beginning of real knowledge close to the opening years of this century; probably tend to think of themselves as tough, clear-eyed, even heroically new; and doubtless are convinced that old orders are currently being rejected not because men are under-muscled but because men are impatient with the fatuity and superstition of ages past.

The point of moment here perhaps seems a shade more obvious than it is. Everyone knows that a recurrent gesture, or myth, in human history has been the myth of the fresh start: we here and now strip ourselves of old nonsense, here and now we make It new—both the individual (the American Adam) and the nation. And there is a connection between these gestures and the whole tone of the girlie books. But in earlier ages such gestures were complicated either by the desire to escape from history into the archetype, as Mircea Eliade explained, or by nostalgia—the feeling that, by scraping away the accumulated muck of certain periods of history, a man might put himself in contact with a favored, earlier epoch distinguished for its clarity and swiftness of perception. What is noteworthy about the popular modern gesture is that nothing complicates it: the substance of the past is understood as stupidity and self-deceit—murk dissipated, as it were, by a single giant (and undescribed) firestorm of the mind which, at an unspecified but recent date, had the effect of canceling every claim offered on behalf of previous rationalizations of society and value. The mind represented or created by *Playboy,* in short, locates decay in the past and understands the present as the first moment of intelligence for humankind.

LECTURES ON the limitations of this view are needless here. It is plain enough that the notion is science-ridden. Belief in cataclysms of the brain that smash every standing edifice can be justified where knowledge is considered to be a structure Out There (a sum of learning to be mastered), where the act of Finding Out is thought to involve the replacement of one model by another, where inquiry is undertaken with full expectation of rapid obsolescence in the results. (Whitehead once remarked that before a discipline can become a science it must first lose its memory.) But humanistic knowledge, the goal of which is an alteration of inward being rather than mastery of outward fact, can only be thought of in these terms if the thinker accepts an ex-

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cessively tendentious reading of the past.*

The sound reason for remarking the girlie books' dogma of modernity is simply that it stands as a convenient notation of the present state of relations between upper and lower culture. The tendency to consider old human conventions, vocabularies, and knowledge as matter to be scrapped hardly originated in mass magazines. For at least a century upper culture has been disposed to believe that any language which casts a light of ideal illumination or traditional moral significance over human relations, the connection of men and women, is a language no man of sense should allow to violate his tongue. The literary modes of adjustment to this conviction include the treatment of themes inexpressible in the rejected language—divorce in place of courtship, abortion in place of fruition, psychosis in place of initiation into social complexity. The novelist time and time again passes himself off as a thinker by offering lists of concepts—patriotism and courage, for example—which, like the phlogiston theory or the physiology of humors, have been "shown up" by the revolutionary new thought. The contemporary critic begins (as often as not) with a casual allusion to the probability that the thinking of the past on important subjects consists largely of lies ("There are four things that people have habitually lied about: war, money, sex, and themselves," says Professor John Raleigh in a current *Partisan Review,* and he goes on to propose that ". . . war, money and sex can now be talked about with some degree of honesty. . . .") The painful philistine complaint that the new themes and assumptions of upper culture are mere morbidity and chic fails to acknowledge the original goal of the inventors—an infusion of life and vibrancy into debilitated moral imaginations. And in pursuing this goal upper culture has for the most part avoided Wellsian crudities: it no longer asserts straight out that before the modern age people knew nothing worth knowing; it shies away from loud proclamations that "traditional values" have been supported only by stupidity (superstition, mariolatry, absurd heroic romance), or by economic interest, or by stoicism (the Stoical Freudianism, for instance, that is incapable of taking in a Marcuse or Norman O. Brown). But on occasion its hesitancy about making such proclamations seems a mere tic of manners. And for unsubtle readers—people to whom the significance of tics is necessarily obscure: i.e., the makers of lower culture—the oracular temptation to shock is irresistible.

COULD THE temptation have been indulged in the lower culture of the past? Certainly not, and here is one nub of the significant issue. The makers of lower culture until very recently congratulated themselves not for helping to realize the revolution against traditional values, but for helping to keep the old language up: they talked love, talked parental affection and obligation, talked the satisfactions of the good provider, talked the heroism of self-sacrifice in motherhood. Their language was debased, needless to say; disingenuousness alone can claim that the themes of forbearance treated in George Eliot have any direct connection with the lectures of Dr. Z. (in women's magazines)

* A tendentious reading in that it seeks only the human absurdities of other ages—Werther, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Victoria on piano limbs, Keats's astonishment that women (perfect creatures) could "have cancers," Tennyson's engagement, etc. History developed in this fashion could make use of writers who claimed that fidelity was a virtue, and showed it forth unconsciously as a form of brutality or cloddish submission; it would ignore writers who in *their* recommendations of fidelity showed it forth as a mark of imagination (the imaginative apprehension of the pain one being can cause another by holding him or her lightly). It would preserve writers who understood love as a mighty transcendence of self; and omit all who understood love as a sum of gratitude to another for creating the conditions under which self-regard and self-acceptance become possible. Henry James's strong subtle letter in praise of his mother and of maternal feeling as a value, Dr. Johnson's remark that a man not married is only half a man—these and ten thousand other moments of unillusioned observation could be allowed no place.

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on problems of patience at the premenstrual turn of time.* And there is little virtue in the common insinuation that American upper culture was able to amuse itself (safely) with apocalyptic visions simply because public culture continued to celebrate old orders. But when these concessions are made, the truism remains: the world of culture was once sharply divided, high against low, in its sense of the worth of the moral inheritance.

And now the division is ending. The success of the girlie books is not the only item testifying to this turn of events (some notice could also be given to the sick western, the new humor, the abandonment of daytime soap opera, or even the announcement by the *Ladies Home Journal* of its eagerness to print aberration tales and domestic fiction that "ends tragically"). But it *is* striking evidence: these magazines are without qualification post-cataclysm, "through with all that," utterly sure that no existing moral language is adequate to modern experience ("Honor your word and go" because girls—not pledges—are made to be kept). Their single unironicized clarity (I burn, you burn, she burns, they burn) stands simultaneously as a motto for an emergent mass-cult school of kitsch existentialism, and as the ground theme for a whole new age—an age of Multiple Inexpressibles, a time in which *épater le bourgeois* will have become the standard *folk* gesture.

THE TASK of criticizing such an age, to face at last the root problem, may at length seem insuperable. To repeat: the moralist who decides that the *Playboy* world is a projection of the elite, a contrivance reflecting the secret will of upper culture, ought to be condemned as a baiter of mind—a man unresponsive to the original need for a revivification of moral understanding. But this does not change the fact that the one language suitable for a direct critique of the girlie books is a dead language, and that upper culture was brilliantly in on its kill. The critical resource that remains—the aesthetic vocabulary (it permits an observer to cry Vulgarity!)—is perhaps not to be despised. Old writers, the third Earl of Shaftesbury for one, once sought to create a morality for aristocrats ("the grown youth of the polite world") out of it. But even in Shaftesbury's day, neither the polite nor any other world was polite enough to be ruled by an ethic of moral symmetry or taste. And at present those who use this language, in criticism of mass culture, achieve only a sniffish, unreal tone which brings to mind an image of Faubourg dandies praying on an A train.

The question, in sum (can there not be another language of assessment?) sticks hard; the slumming reader is uncomfortable in the act of evading it. Surely, surely, he mumbles, surely there is something more (an aspiration, a mind delighted in its powers, a father in tears at the thought of his child's pain, a wife in whose "tongue is kindness," whose clothing is "strength and honor"); surely "life does not come down to this," the coupling of beasts. There is something missing? . . . But where is it, what is it, how can it be fixed and known? Not through the agency of abstractions, says his Fineness of Response, his preference for the truth of drama as opposed to the truth of apothegm. Yet fineness, taste, adoration of tales instead of truthtellers, cannot possibly *place* the depravity of the stuff in hand: only the vocabulary of flat moral counters, which fineness scorns, can do that. The paradox implicit here may or may not serve as a fair, if indirect, measure of the vulnerabilities of an age of intense linguistic inhibition (about all plain terms save obscenities). But the chance is strong that hidden in its intricacies lies at least one of the stinking seeds that brought the girlie books to birth.

* It is equally disingenuous, though (and more academic), to claim, out of worship of the aphorism about the inseparability of meaning and style, that lower culture is too vulgar in tone ever to be spoken of as capable of defending a value.

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HENRY DAVID AIKEN

AMERICAN PRAGMATISM RECONSIDERED

I. Charles Sanders Peirce

THE TIME IS long past since Charles Peirce somewhat querulously complained that he was a philosopher of whom "the critics have never found anything good to say." In fact, even as applied to his own contemporaries, Peirce's remark must be regarded as purest hyperbole. A select few have always been aware of his originality and acumen: William James, with characteristic generosity, acknowledged him as the founder of pragmatism; and Peirce's influence upon thinkers as diverse as Josiah Royce, John Dewey, and Morris Cohen is well known. In our own day, the philosophical *cognoscenti,* almost to a man, regard him as the profoundest philosophical mind yet to appear on the far side of the Atlantic. Moreover, his insistence upon the impersonal social character of all true scientific procedures, upon the relevance of public "laboratory operations" to the full meaning of an experimental scientist's concepts and theories, and upon the continuity between scientific inquiry and common-sense methods of solving factual problems, is appreciated by many people who have never heard of Peirce.

Like another great "scientific" methodologist and metaphysician, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, with whom he is often compared, Peirce never managed to complete his far-ranging philosophical system. During his lifetime he published many scattered essays and reviews whose sometimes cryptic insights are not always fully developed. The remainder of his philosophical works consists mainly of fragments, sketches for unwritten books, footnotes to footnotes of earlier drafts of his ideas, and a number of letters that contain some of his most succinct theoretical statements about the nature of language, the aims of philosophical analysis, and the nature and scope of the methodology of science. However, as in the case of Leibniz, these posthumous writings are frequently more illuminating than the treatises of other philosophers. There is, inevitably, much repetition in the monumental edition of the *Collected Papers,* which now runs to eight large volumes.* But even at their most fragmentary and obscure—and though Peirce was addicted to devising recipes to make our ideas clear, his own ideas are often maddeningly obscure—the writings in this and other editions nearly always have that unmistakable stamp of intellectual and moral authority which at once commands respect, solicits disciples, and invites interpretation. One is constantly astonished by the brilliance, the variety, the curious offbeat suggestiveness, above all by the consuming intellectual passion which, despite all his miseries and disappointments, persisted in Peirce's writing almost until the day of his death.

But it is not only because of the posthumous success of his philosophy that Peirce deserves to be known to a public

HENRY DAVID AIKEN, professor of philosophy at Harvard, recently collaborated with William Barrett in editing a critical anthology soon to be issued by Random House under the title *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century.* The present article is the first in a series of three, and will be followed by analyses of the contributions of William James and John Dewey to American pragmatic thought.

* Whether this edition is now complete is a question about which opinions differ. For some, the substance of Peirce's philosophical thought is contained in the existing *Papers;* for others, apparently, they will remain incomplete until even his laundry bills have been included.

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which is interested neither in displays of technical philosophical virtuosity nor in the byways of American intellectual history. What makes the man himself so profoundly interesting is his haunting inability, despite his intellectual precocity and his early and immense educational advantages, to fulfill his promise or to slake his own deep thirst for self-knowledge and self-control. The "problem" of Charles Peirce, in other words, must interest every reflective person who is involved in the complex spiritual perplexities that beset our whole revolutionary era.

Peirce was justly proud of the fact that unlike academic philosophers—whose ineffectual "seminary minds" were the products of books and lectures and talk about method—he himself, from the age of six on, had acquired the truly "laboratory" mind of the disciplined experimental scientist under the tutelage of his father, a brilliant Harvard professor and the most distinguished American mathematician of his time. And there can be little question that Peirce understood science as few philosophers of any period have understood it. But what he did not, and perhaps could not, perceive is that this superb specialized knowledge was not sufficient to equip him adequately for his own vocation as a philosopher. On the contrary, it seems almost to have blocked the way to the fulfillment of his wider metaphysical and moral aspirations. For example, at his most suggestive best, Peirce treats even his metaphysics as an aspect of the pragmatic method of inquiry which, in turn, he conceives of in essentially moral terms: as a way of life. But at other times, apparently not perceiving the profound inconsistency it represents, he contends that his philosophy is "the attempt of a physicist to make such conjecture as to the constitution of the universe as the methods of science may permit. . . ." This equivocation, I am convinced, goes to the very heart of Peirce's limitations as an analytical philosopher concerned with the clarification of forms of thought and expression. It lies too at the base of much that is most confused and obscure in his metaphysics. It clouds the very meaning of his pragmatism, and introduces a fatal limitation and ambiguity into the moral vision or way of life of which it is an expression. In a word, because he was unclear as to the nature of his thought as a metaphysician, his metaphysics itself remained at once uncertain in conception and confused in intention. And because of this it remained inevitably fragmentary and inadequate to his own deepest moral intuitions.

The story of this confusion and ineptitude is the fundamental concern of the present essay. It is, in the end, the story of the failure of an education. And by implication it contains an indictment of the whole cognition-oriented culture of which that education provides a kind of paradigm. Almost from birth, Peirce was a victim of that "normal madness" (to readapt Santayana's phrase) which afflicts all its sufferers with the illusion that any kind of activity—religious, moral, or philosophical—is only intellectually reputable or even meaningful if it can be conceived as a form of cumulative positive science. In our time, this illusion generally goes by the name of "positivism." But positivism, when one looks beneath the surface, is merely an up-to-date empiricist variant of an ancient rationalistic philosophical culture that is as old as Plato and as new as Bertrand Russell. And we are all its victims. For, like Peirce, all of us are subject in one way or another to the spiritual father-image of a great Knower—whether in the form of a cosmological eye or of a scientific wonder-worker—from whose exact, clarified vision of Truth there are no secrets and to whose absolute Perfection we must all do homage. It is, I am convinced, an image which must finally be excoriated if our civilization is to survive.

I

PEIRCE HIMSELF REGARDED pragmatism as "a species of prope-positivism." Although classifying pragmatism this way, as a form of near-positivism, is not inaccurate, it raises as many questions as it answers. In several respects, it must even appear paradoxical to those whose notions of pragmatism have been formed by the writings of William James. Peirce wanted no part of James's doctrine about "the will to believe"; he regarded it, in fact, as a piece of errant romantic irrationalism and subjectivism. Accordingly, he renamed his own philosophy "pragmaticism," a word which, as he sourly put it, was "ugly enough to be safe from kidnappers." He agreed with James that ra-

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tionality is a "sentiment"; yet it was a sentiment whose authority he, unlike James, was never prepared to question, either in religion and morals or in science. Logic, as Peirce put it, was "the ethics of the Intellect," and he identified the "law of Reason" with the "law of Love" itself. He believed that pragmaticism, properly construed, was merely a restatement of Jesus' precept: "By their fruits ye shall know them." But he himself would acknowledge no utterance that violated the laws of logic and no spiritual fruit whose objective quality could not be tested by the methods of experimental science.

James, for his part, fully agreed with Peirce's formulation of the pragmatic maxim: "Consider what effects, that might conceivably have practical bearings, we conceive the object of our conception to have. Then, our conception of these effects is the whole of our conception of the object." The only question was how liberally to construe the term "practical bearings." James was prepared to take a very broad and pluralistic view. He respected the standards of validity and truth which the "sentiment of rationality" imposed in the sphere of what he called "theoretical" or scientific investigations, but the scope of such investigations was far more limited for James than it was for Peirce.* Not every proposition posed a theoretical problem, and not every "truth" answered to a theoretical question. Hence, according to James, before we judge the cogency of a religious belief, or a moral idea, or an artistic representation, we must first ask what practices it bears upon, what human end it really serves. If the end or the practice is not "theoretical," it is then beside the point to judge it by standards of meaning and truth proper only to theoretical discourses. For James, in short, pragmatism was, among other things, a charter of freedom from the narrow intellectualism and "cognitivism" of the whole Western philosophical tradition from Plato forward.

* A separate essay might be written at this point on our usual philosophical traduction of such words as "theoretical," "intellectual," "speculative," and "rational," and analogously, on our systematic but myopic narrowing of the significance of such terms as "practical," "moral," and "pragmatic." But this is another story which would be much illuminated by Peirce's own writings.

Now as pragmatists, both men agreed that the meaning of any expression lies in its overt use—and not in some intuitively discernible "thought" or essence, of which the classical rationalists took the expression to be a universal sign. Both also agreed that "expression and thought are one": only in what we do with an expression may we find the operative meaning of our thought. Peirce, however, was concerned solely with the use of expressions in "intellectual" discourses; the general propositions of mathematics and empirical science he took to be paradigm cases of such discourses. And the only "operations" he was prepared to countenance, in interpreting any "sign," were those involved in the theoretical activities essential to the work of the logician and the experimental scientist. And it is just at this point that Peirce's own positivism begins to emerge. Most other positivists judge the propositions of morality and religion to be cognitively meaningless because they cannot be confirmed by the operations of experimental science; Peirce, on the other hand, judged them to be meaningful, and either true or false, precisely because he believed that they could be so confirmed or refuted. Peirce's differences from other positivists consist in this conception of the range of scientific inquiry, or, conversely, in his view concerning the conformability of moral and religious thought to the procedures of natural science. In short, Peirce believed that the work of the logician and the scientist is no different, at bottom, from the work of the moralist or the man of God.

PEIRCE HIMSELF WAS impressed by certain other differences between his pragmaticism and the more standard forms of positivism. These differences are often slighted by his positivistic allies, but they are essential to an understanding of his whole philosophy. Observe, for example, the following statement from Peirce's fine essay, "What Pragmatism Is": "Every proposition of ontological metaphysics is either meaningless gibberish—one word being defined by other words, and they by still others, without any real conception ever being reached—or else downright absurd; so that all such rubbish being swept away, what will remain of philosophy will be a series of problems capable of investigation by the

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observational methods of the true sciences." This is for all the world just what one expects to find in the positivistic manifestoes of a Carnap, an Ayer, or a Reichenbach. Wherein lies the difference?

In the first place, pragmaticism, as Peirce tells us, retains a "purified philosophy" or metaphysics. What this comes to is not immediately clear, but the point is insistently made, and we will have to reckon with it in the following sections of the essay. Secondly, pragmaticism fully accepts "the main body of our instinctive beliefs." This point is important, both because it is an affirmation of Peirce's "critical common-sensism" and because in principle it commits him to a respect for those ordinary forms of thought or expression through which our common-sense beliefs are articulated. Moreover, if, as Peirce insists, "expression and thought are one," then it follows that there is no way, either in principle or practice, of going behind our everyday modes of expression to an ideally perfect language of science. In short, the developing language of common life provides the inescapable matrix of all serious thought. It cannot be supplanted by an untried but supposedly self-contained scientific language, nor can its vocabulary be exhaustively defined in terms whose self-evident "meanings" subsist eternally in some Platonic heaven of ideas patiently awaiting the day when some discerning mind perceives them.

This is not to say that either common-sense beliefs or the ordinary language in which they are expressed are to be regarded as sacred cows. Nor is it intended to identify Peirce with those Oxford anti-intellectualists who, misconstruing the lessons of their mentor, Ludwig Wittgenstein, distrust any statement which is not immediately intelligible to the proverbial man in the street or any word whose meaning he has not already learned at play-school. Common-sense beliefs are always subject to criticism, and ordinary language is always subject to refinement and supplementation according to the demands of a particular line of specialized inquiry. The point is rather that the more exact "languages" of experimental science themselves only emerge piecemeal in the context of active experimental research. And their meanings, like those of common-sense discourse, are tied ineluctably to the developing, open-ended practices of those who habitually employ them.

Nonetheless, I am convinced that in some ways Peirce would have been more sympathetic to the philosophers of ordinary language (and in particular to the later Wittgenstein himself) than to the followers of Russell, Carnap, and Popper, who currently abuse their thought. Peirce had no use for those traditional "make-believe" theories of knowledge which attempt systematically and on principle to question every proposition which does not meet some preconceived standard of truth. By the same token, he would have had little use for those philosophies of language which, analogously, question the meaningfulness of any formulation that does not conform in advance of inquiry to some standard of meaning stipulated by armchair "scientific" philosophers. In no sphere of inquiry can we proceed "from scratch," accepting only statements from which every vestige of vagueness or ambiguity has been eliminated and for which the evidence is complete and certain. In the problems of philosophy and science, which are merely complications or extensions of those faced in ordinary life, we remain, according to Peirce, always in the middle of things, incessantly moving back and forth between belief and doubt, between relative obscurity and relative clarity, between understanding and misunderstanding, between self-correcting practice and faltering malpractice. The task of intellectual reconstruction is endless, as we face over and over again the unforeseen contingencies in which all life, including that of the scientific philosopher, is implicated.

THE OTHER SIDE of Peirce's critical common-sensism is thus his equally insistent "fallibilism." If all beliefs are to be regarded as innocent until proved guilty, so any belief, however innocent-looking, may prove untrustworthy. Let us consider a particularly crucial and instructive philosophical example. So far as I know, Peirce himself never had philosophical doubts about the reality of the external world. For all his idiosyncrasies, his mind seems always to have remained fundamentally objective and even extroverted. Constantly oppressed by anxieties about his career, about finances,

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about the problem of completing his philosophical work, he seems never to have been shattered by these worries or to have fallen into that morbid darkness of soul that William James, who in the ordinary affairs of life was so much more competent and successful than Peirce, understood so well. Even so, there is nothing in Peirce's robust philosophy of common sense which precludes the possibility that some individual may be afflicted seriously—and not merely in philosophical make-believe—with the doubts which lead to solipsism. On the contrary, it is precisely through Peirce's pragmatic theory of belief—and of doubt—that we may begin to understand the true significance of those states of mind, of general belief or disbelief, of which such philosophical "ism" words as "solipsism" or, for that matter, "realism," "common-sensism," and "fallibilism" are all the abstract signs.

The true solipsist is not moved by your midday philosophical objectivism, your critical common-sensism, your bland assurance that his doubts are nonsensical, linguistically improper, or even logically absurd. *Of course* the solipsist is not thinking "objectively," but what is the point of saying this? To adapt the suggestive language of Dewey (who in this regard merely echoes Peirce), the serious solipsist is one who, for the nonce, has entered into a total "halt of action" from which there is no exit. As Peirce says, the concepts of reality and objectivity are indissolubly tied to the idea of "a COMMUNITY without definite limits, and capable of a definite increase of knowledge." But what if a person loses his sense of membership in any community, so that, in effect, other people no longer exist for him as comrades or as persons? What if he no longer finds it possible to participate un-selfconsciously in the institutional practices, submission to which is our controlling test of intellectual and moral objectivity? In that case, according to the terms of Peirce's theory of belief, it follows that he will necessarily fall into doubt concerning the "reality" of everything related to those practices, including the very "world" which itself is but a projection of the principles of which such practices are the incarnation. And this, or a form of it, is precisely that dark night of the soul for which solipsism is one abstract philosophical name.

II

IT IS AT THIS POINT that we may begin to perceive the significance of a third respect in which, as Peirce insisted, his pragmaticism differs from other species of propepositivism—namely, "its strenuous insistence upon the truth of scholastic realism." Scholastic realism, it will be remembered, is a medieval variant of the Platonic metaphysical thesis that, over and above the concrete individuals which (as we say) exemplify such universal characteristics as whiteness, hardness, or senility, these very traits (Peirce called them "real generals") exist irreducibly and objectively, *in rerum natura.* What, one wonders, can a pragmatic "laboratory" mind like Peirce's have to do with such a hoary doctrine of traditional metaphysics? For Peirce stoutly maintains, in season and out, that from "realism" the pragmatist extracts both a "precious essence which will serve to give light and life to cosmology and physics" and "*moral* applications that are positive and potent" [my italics].

Such a claim even seems paradoxical, coming as it does from one who insisted upon the absolute unity of thought and expression. The philosophers who traditionally identify the idea with the word, the proposition with the statement, the theory with its articulation—the so-called "nominalists"—are the great historical opponents of "realism." (Indeed, Peirce's identification of thought and expression is precisely what Bishop Berkeley, the great 18th-century nominalist, asserted *against* the Lockean "minute philosophers"—the realists.)

But, one immediately asks, what operative difference does it make, at least from a scientific point of view, whether "real generals" are either asserted or denied? Would "realistic" scientists, in their strictly scientific capacity, be disposed to make any positive predictions about phenomena that their "nominalistic" brethren would not also make? Would the strictly scientific calculations or laboratory operations of either diverge at all? Would their observations differ in the slighest degree? To these vexatious questions Peirce provides no satisfactory answer. The point is, as more than one critic has observed, that Peirce never managed to outline any clear consequential differences between nominalism and realism insofar as

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these doctrines are viewed as scientific hypotheses purporting to give us information about what would be observed under certain specified operative conditions.

Yet it is no accident, I believe, that in his defenses of realism, Peirce nearly always treats it as an integral theorem of his pragmatism. Nor is it an accident that the only consequences of realism which he ever succeeds in specifying are not observational or perceptual in character—but rather attitudinal and volitional. How, then, can it be that Peirce, who time and again stresses the fact that pragmatism is not a factual theory but only a way of interpreting, validating, and judging theories, fails to perceive the analogous fact in the case of realism—by his own confession but a part of pragmaticism? How can he have failed to notice that while realism, as he puts it, may "give light and life to physics and cosmology," it adds not one proposition to their substantive content? Or can it be that Peirce regards pragmatism itself, in some residual sense, as not only a method but a factual hypothesis?

HERE I WANT to emphasize that Peirce frequently speaks of "science" itself not as a body of finished, verified doctrine, already systematized, but rather as a dynamic, ongoing form of inquiry whose methodological principles are incalculably more important for the ultimate fate of mankind than is any particular theory presumably confirmed by them. In short, from a scientific *point of view,* any particular hypothesis is dispensable; what alone is not dispensable is the point of view itself. And it is within this broader social and moral context that we must place the metaphysical controversies in which Peirce is so deeply implicated.

The nominalist, according to Peirce, is the archetypal individualist for whom, so to say, only differences make a difference: for whom the unlike, the discontinuous, the unique individual is more significant than the like, the continuous, the general run. "Nominalism," then, is a word Peirce associates with that romantic tendency, particularly of modern life, to celebrate the individual at the expense of the class or the group; the exception to the rule at the expense of the rule itself; the foreground of perception and feeling as against the background of thought and belief; the vanishing impressions of immediate experience as against the enduring objects of public knowledge and concern; the immediate reflex as opposed to the developing habit or the enduring disposition. Nominalism, in short, represents the breakdown of tradition, of principles, of institutions, and hence also of science itself as an institution. And since as a doctrine nominalism is merely a tendency, the true and consistent nominalist is, ideally, a total nihilist, an anti-philosopher who no longer even affirms nominalism itself. If the true nominalist had his way, there could be no science; to the extent that he does have his way, science, as an institution, tends to break down first into a loose galaxy of special disciplines and sub-disciplines and finally into a chaotic welter of individual inquiries and speculations, each more eccentric, more irresponsible, more egoistic than its fellows. The only question is whether anyone can seriously *be* a nominalist.

It is from this perspective that the prope-positivist himself, insofar as he defends the methodological unity of science, the inviolable reality of a public and institutional way of doing things, has a stake in "realism" as a form of *pragmatic* metaphysics. Furthermore, it is from this point of view that we may appreciate why James's nominalistic, particularistic, subjectivistic version of pragmatism seems such a threat to Peirce, for it threatens not only the classical objectivity of science and objective morality and organized religion, but also any form of enduring communal life whatsoever.* And, more generally, from the pragmatic point of view—though this was a consequence, ironically enough, to which Peirce could not adjust himself—significant metaphysics cannot be understood as a kind of overarching super-science of phenomena, but only as a super-morality, a way of life—an "ideology."

* It should be added in passing that it is from this standpoint we must approach Peirce's insistence upon the reality of institutions as well as of the individuals who fill their offices. The cash value of the difference between nominalistic individualists like Mill and James and realistic institutionalists and collectivists like Peirce, Hegel, and Marx is that the former attach no inescapable significance to institutions as such, regarding them at best as means to ends, whereas the latter, on the contrary, regard the institution as itself a primary, inescapable good (or evil), an end to which an irreducible loyalty (or disloyalty) is due.

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PEIRCE, however, did not carefully distinguish between the question of the methodological unity of science and the question of the ideal unity (or diversity) of human practices and ends. James, for example, could very well agree, and in fact did agree, with Peirce that insofar as our knowledge of nature is concerned, public experimental methods must be unequivocally and universally upheld. But this in no way precluded James from acknowledging that in principle there were other practices whose ends were not those of science and, therefore, whose objective principles of inquiry and standards were not those which were appropriate to science. In short, he might very well have argued that although morality, religion, and art are not concerned with the description and prediction of observable phenomena, as institutions they are concerned with impersonal objectives requiring as rigorous a subordination of personal inclination, or feeling, or opinion as science itself did.

Yet James fell into exactly the opposite error from Peirce. For he evidently believed that since questions of religious belief are not answerable by the public procedures of science, they concern only the private "will to believe" and the private "satisfactions" of each individual person. And so, although he remained, in the domain of science, nearly as firm a realist as Peirce, in other spheres he fell into a romantic nominalism and subjectivism which minimized the spiritual significance of all forms of institutional activity save science itself.

But another alternative, never, so far as I know, either clearly conceived or thoroughly investigated by Peirce or James, is open to even the most hard-bitten pragmatic realist who will countenance no "realities" which cannot be wrung through the wringer of some institutional method, procedure, or ritual. This point of view remains pluralistic, open-minded, and libertarian with respect to institutions and hence to the ends they serve. It acknowledges, as fervently as did Peirce, the inescapability of continuities and uniformities in one's dealings with the natural world; it also acknowledges the practical reality of principles, institutions, and traditions in any sphere of social activity. It refuses only to subordinate all human activities to one supreme or paradigmatic activity, whether in the name of God or goodness or truth or logic. And it denies, on principle, that every significant proposition, "intellectual" or otherwise, must necessarily be tested by precisely the same methods of objective inquiry.

This point of view may be described, pragmatically, as institutional pluralism; it is also, in practice, the instinctive view of the true man of "common sense" who, in the ordinary course of events accommodates himself with little difficulty to the plural realities which the several institutional roles of common life in a free society impose upon him. Such a person does not deny the reality of "duties" on the factitious ground that there is no positive science of morality. Nor does he gratuitously stake his communal religious faith upon the unlikely chance that its articles may be confirmed by the application of the methods of descriptive and predictive science. His only problem is to know how to reconcile the realities of roles and institutions when, for whatever reason, they themselves no longer know or keep their place.

At this point, however, realism is unfortunately of no avail, and, as James intimated, the only solution to such problems is a practical decision. What the lonely Peirce, perhaps out of his own need, tended increasingly to forget is that realism cannot provide the whole truth of metaphysics for the simple reason that, as the accursed nominalists will never let us forget, we ourselves are always more than our objective roles and methods, more than our duties, more than our faiths. To ourselves we are also particular individuals, unique, unfathomable, and free.

This does not mean that in the last analysis nominalism is "true" or at any rate that it is any truer than realism. In philosophy, as in the life it expresses and seeks to guide, there is, as Peirce himself teaches, no such thing as a last analysis. Neither realism nor nominalism suffices for wisdom. Neither is more truly or deeply pragmatic than the other, for both are irremovable aspects of our conduct and hence our lives. And if, like Peirce, we try to follow one alone, we are led only to that bench of metaphysical desolation reserved for those who see the whole bright world, themselves included, only as a magisterial galaxy of public objects and signs, of institutions and routines, of rules and general runs.

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III

"DISMISS MAKE-BELIEVE!" This was the brave motto which Peirce placed at the end of his whole philosophical program. But it was precisely this motto which he violated whenever his "laboratory mind" was obliged to cope with forms of thought that have no internal scientific issue. The inadequacy of Peirce's metaphysics, as well as his account of metaphysical inquiry, is owing directly to that residual make-believe scientism which treats positive science as *the* exemplary social institution and pretends that the aims of science must be the *summum bonum* of human life. For it is this scientism which forced Peirce to discount, or else to misinterpret, every form of thought save alone those "intellectual concepts" "upon the structure of which arguments concerning objective fact may hinge." Indeed, not only was Peirce unable to give a clear and realistic account of his own metaphysical ideas; he could not even consistently describe the intellectual import of pragmatism itself as a method of inquiry.

The question which remains to be considered is why Peirce was never able to perceive clearly and consistently either the ultimate drift or the full scope of his own most striking and fertile philosophical ideas. This question must be approached concurrently in biographical and philosophical terms. The answer to it, I believe, sheds a flood of light upon the strange myopia which afflicts Peirce's metaphysical and hence his moral vision. It may even suggest why he could never finish his metaphysical projects, why, instead, he was forever revising his unsatisfactory earlier answers to the question "What is Pragmatism?"

In approaching this topic, it is worth remarking that unlike most scientific philosophers, who affect a style that would do credit to a calculating machine, "poor Peirce," as his friends so often called him, could never resist, even in his more formal writings, a penchant for revealing autobiographical asides. There is a fascinating and touching irony in the fact that this most resolutely logical and scientific of pragmatists should also be one of the most discursive. However, we should not complain because the imaginative and curious Peirce was so susceptible to the charms of the daisies that grew along the highroad of his more manifest inquiries. For almost in spite of himself, the intuitive Peirce perceived many relevancies hidden from more orderly and more sluggish minds. I am convinced in any case that in these informal personal glimpses of the education of Charles Sanders Peirce lies a primary clue to his philosophical and his personal predicament, and I shall accordingly make full use of them in the remarks to follow. Nor do I doubt that, whatever he might think of my judgment, Peirce himself would concur in my opinion as to their relevance for an understanding and appraisal of his achievement. For it is a cardinal principle of all pragmatists, from Peirce to Dewey, that, in philosophy as elsewhere, education maketh the man.

In one of Peirce's fullest accounts of his own intellectual upbringing, found in a letter to Lady Webly, he makes the following intriguing statement about the figures who contributed to it:

> My father was universally acknowledged to be by far the strongest mathematician in the country, and was a man of great intellect and weight of character. All the leading men of science, particularly astronomers and physicists, resorted to our house; so that I was brought up in an atmosphere of science. But my father was a broad man and we were intimate with literary people too. William Story, the sculptor, Longfellow, James Lowell, Charles Norton, Wendell Holmes, and occasionally Emerson, are among the figures of my earliest memories. . . .

The implication seems to be that in addition to a scientific and mathematical training as remorseless as that inflicted by another unrelenting father upon his 19th-century child prodigy, John Stuart Mill (whose life in certain respects contains so many startling parallels to his own), Peirce had the benefit, as Mill had not, of an early humanistic and literary culture which at once served to round out and to offset the specialized limitations of his education as a scientist. But is that implication justified? As he goes on to say in the same paragraph of this letter, "I was brought up with far too loose a rein, except that I was forced to think hard and continuously. My father would sometimes make me sit up all night playing double dummy till sunrise without relax-

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ing my attention." He then adds, "I was educated as a chemist and as soon as I had taken my A.B. degree, after a year's work in the Coast Survey, I took first six months under Agassiz in order to learn what I could of his methods, then went into the laboratory. I had had a laboratory of my own for many years and had every memoir of any consequence as it came out; so that at the end of two or three years, I was the first man in Harvard to take a degree in chemistry *summa cum laude*." When he shortly discovered that his "only very unusual gift was for logical analysis," it was no accident that the only philosophers who interested him were those who approached their subject primarily or exclusively from the cognitivist viewpoint of the prope-positivist.

Later Peirce overcame some of his initial "disgust" with the "inexactitude" and the "tottering logic" of the German philosophers after Kant. He even came to see that his own metaphysical categories were closely analogous to the categories of Hegel's "stages." This essay is not directly concerned with the technical details of the more esoteric side of Peirce's metaphysics; for present purposes it is of more interest to note that, in contrast to John Dewey, who began as a Hegelian and ended as a pragmatist, Charles Peirce began as a pragmatist and ended, to coin a phrase, as a "prope-Hegelian." For Peirce the fundamental human reality was the evolving system of cultural institutions or communal forms of thought and action which Hegel called "objective mind" and which Peirce (significantly) conceived as an elaborate impersonal and interpersonal sign-process. However, unlike Hegel, Peirce continued to construe "objective mind"—and hence the validating forms of all social activity—in terms of the principles exemplified in the practices of mathematical physics. Hegel was trained as a theologian and knew about science only at secondhand; for him, almost inevitably, the institutions of public morality, religion, and of the state represented higher and more complex expressions of mind or spirit than did science and mathematics. For Peirce, on the other hand, mathematical science remained throughout his life the one authoritative, paradigmatic, and exemplary manifestation of objective mind.

This is not to deny Peirce's genuine, if limited, insights into other cultural domains. He was modest about his knowledge of the "science" of aesthetics, although some critics believe that there is gold in his view that aesthetics "ought to repose on phenomenology" and in his category of "firstness" which, among other things, is the category of immediacy, feeling, quality—of "suchness" in experience. Perhaps they are right, though on this score I find nothing very original in Peirce's remarks. Furthermore, I am convinced that when one uses them exclusively (as some do) in interpreting works of art, the result either denies the aesthetic relevance of those symbolic forms—which, so far as they have meaning for him, Peirce assigns to his category of "thirdness"—inherent in most art, all literature, and much music; or else, at the opposite extreme, they lead to the conclusion that insofar as art, literature, and music are meaningful—insofar as they express ideas—they are in effect incipient forms of scientific thought. Put another way: the moment Peirce moves, in any domain, to the level of meaning, and away from sheer feeling and suchness, he begins to think at once as a logical and scientific pragmatist for whom every symbol is above all a "sign" of something and for whom the use of every form of expression is geared to the cognitive ends of positive science.

The same points apply, similarly, to Peirce's discussions of religion and theology. In speaking of religious experience, he begins, attractively, by stressing the importance of direct perception and feeling. "Where would such an idea, say as that of God, come from," he asks, "if not from direct experience?" "As to God," he goes on, "open your eyes—and your heart, which is also a perceptive organ—and you see him." No doubt he must have meant this last remark metaphorically, but it is nonetheless perceptive for all that. Nor can there be any doubt that Pierce himself was a deeply, if perhaps not a continuously, religious person. Critics have also been struck with his statement that ". . . it is absurd to say that religion is mere belief. You might as well call society a belief, or politics a belief, or civilization a belief. Religion is a life, and can be identified with a belief only provided that belief be a living belief—a thing to be

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lived rather than said or thought." But what really does this come to? If it is absurd to say that religion is a "mere" belief, it is no less absurd to say, as he does, that man himself is a mere sign or complex of signs. The word "mere" is one to which, in this connection, the author of the great essay of "The Fixation of Belief" is hardly entitled; for it is the *essence* of Peirce's theory that all genuine belief is living and that all significant thought is an expression of either belief or doubt. What indeed is pragmatism if it is not a rejection of the very notion of a "mere belief" or something "said or thought" that is not also something lived and done? The question is not whether religion is a mere belief, but rather the kind of belief a religious belief really is.*

Occasionally, as in his discussions of metaphysics, he verges in spite of himself toward a wider pragmatic view of meaning, reason, and belief—analogous to that of James—according to which there are, to use his word, "musements" which, though they are neither strictly common-sensical nor scientific, at the same time are answerable to semi-objective and semi-realistic standards of relevance and propriety. The muser, so to say, is in search of truths that lie "beneath the phenomena" and that must be judged by standards of clarity and validity which the workaday scientist or logician could not be expected to condone. Yet, I do not get the impression that Peirce ever made a clear distinction between religious perplexity and scientific doubt or between religious aspiration and scientific inquiry. And for all his acute recognition of the social character of most active religious life—in fact I rather think that he overdoes the point—his radically ecumenical and even Catholic conception of "the true church" strongly suggests, to my own unregenerate Hebraico-Protestant mind, an attitude closely akin to the positivistic attitude toward the unity of science—if indeed it does not in the end come virtually to the same thing. It is thus not surprising to find Peirce again turning the tables to remark: "My pragmatism, having nothing to do with qualities of feeling, permits me to hold that the predication of such a quality is just what it seems, and has nothing to do with anything else." Feeling, for Peirce, the scientific realist, could exist only as an *object* of inquiry, never as an operative sentiment whose ends may have nothing to do with the predications of positive science.

THE PRIMORDIAL FAULT of Peirce's education, both as a philosopher and as a man, lies in the fact that when he was not in the laboratory, actually or imaginatively, he was allowed to run wild by his distinguished parent. He had no thorough training in the practices by which non-scientific activities are to be judged. He finally overcame his early distaste for German philosophy, yet he had an inadequate preparation for a full appreciation of the one German philosopher for whom, early and late, he always retained an enormous respect, Immanuel Kant. He points out that "For several years . . . [I] studied the *Kritik der reinen Vernuft,* and knew it almost word for word, in both editions." But precisely because he did not study with similar care Kant's great second *Critique of Practical Reason,* from which stems so much that is deepest in the pragmatic movement itself, Peirce was never able to understand how art, morality, and religion, though not forms of scientific thought may still belong to the life of reason. Here it seems to me his insight falls below that of his younger contemporary, Santayana. But then Santayana had the benefit of a disciplined humanistic and literary education which enabled him, when he turned to philosophy, to perceive how one may be a realist and a man of reason in Peirce's sense and yet not reduce these other symbolic forms to the terms of scientific discourse. In fact, from a point of view such as Santayana's, it is possible to see how, by a strange irony, Peirce himself has fallen into one of the myriad forms of nominalism. For the nominalist, as Pierce described him, is one who cannot take seriously any forms of life or thought save those immediate to himself. And "poor Peirce," for all his brillance and inventiveness, was so put upon by his life with father that he could never view with full seriousness any idea or any word which he could not reduce to the terms of his own experience as a laboratory scientist and logician.

* Peirce's thought in such essays as "A Neglected Argument for the Reality of God" is, as usual on such levels, immensely obscure and equivocal.

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What was the result? For Peirce, I fear, it was a life of troubled dreams, of mental cramps, and unfinishable projects, a life, in short, of isolation, of loneliness, and ineptitude. Yet the defects were, and are, *mortal.* And any culture which, like our own, treats its Benjamin Peirces as authoritative father figures is bound for a trouble more ghastly than it can possibly understand. Peirce tells us at the end of his piece on "The Century's Great Men in Science" that: "To an earlier age knowledge was power, merely that and nothing more; to us it is life and the *summum bonum.*" This is, or ought to be, regarded as simply *false.* Realistically and objectively, at least in a free and pluralistic society, there is no *summum bonum;* there are only *magna bona,* of which the knowledge yielded by positive science is but one.

Peirce did not doubt that his philosophy, whatever else it might be, was a moral philosophy whose aim is self control and emancipation from "the bonds of self, of one's own prepossessions." This is the common bond which ties Peirce together with all the other great pragmatists, including James and Dewey. In Peirce's case, unfortunately, he sought such control and such emancipation exclusively in a single domain of communal activity which for him, apparently, became a virtual synonym for the word "love." But if love, however intense and however selfless, is self-destructive when limited to a single person, however dear, it is no less so when it is restricted to any single cooperative and corporate activity, however noble. Peirce's training as a scientist liberated many of his immense spiritual energies and abilities, but it also imprisoned others. For want of a more substantial training in the "humanities," these were permitted to atrophy or else were hypertrophied in forms that must have led Peirce to the very nominalistic verge of madness and despair. The trouble was that, unlike James, whom he both loved and deplored, Peirce could never recognize his own dark nights of the soul as anything more than failures to keep playing double dummy.

In the end it all comes back, as Peirce could have foretold, to a question of meaning. Peirce did not sufficiently respect or trust his own underlying intentions as a metaphysician and moralist, and was forced, therefore, to disguise them from himself as signs of authentic scientific and formal logical activity. He was not able, or willing, to perceive that his discourse as a philosopher was not essentially a "sign" of anything at all. Consequently, he did not see how far his own philosophical use of language is from the merely scientific signification of matters of fact. Words and propositions, despite Peirce, are not signs, or if they are, then only incidentally and by accident. The meaning of words lies in their *use.* And it is through the study of their plural uses that we ourselves may hope at long last to liberate ourselves from the forms of spiritual bondage to which Peirce remained enslaved.

One final comment: Unlike Santayana and James, Peirce wished to control but did not in the end sufficiently *respect* himself. He sought only liberation from himself through forms of institutional activity such as science. He did not ask whether such liberation is or should be a final good. And here, not Santayana, but William James, or even his brother Henry, may be the wiser philosopher. For the brothers James knew that however dear the members of a family can be to one another, each has in the end a personal, private row to hoe whose meaning or end no one else can finally judge. Perhaps, indeed, love itself is so private, so personal a thing that no institution, be it a church, a race, a people, or a science, can grasp or express its essence. Perhaps the morning, as well as the dark night, of the soul is something that "I" alone can really know.

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JOSEPH PAPALEO

ON THE MOUNTAIN—A Story

TASCA THE LAWYER came to the Mauro house a few weeks before Election Day. Mrs. Mauro, drowsy on her sunny porch of October, did not react to his importance as she might have; her reveries had removed her.

"Paul. Uncle Paul Di Martino. Your brother," Tasca said. "What's his *ad*dress, upstate? The farm where he's retired?"

"Paolo," she answered in Italian, "does not write letters."

"We're giving him a big honorary dinner," Tasca said. "The local associations. The Italian lawyers of the Bronx. We're heading it."

Mrs. Mauro stared at the porch windows and squinted to see the store fronts on the hill beyond Lorin Place. Reni had gone shopping and was not back yet.

"He did great things here." Tasca now looked at the windows. "He should of had an appointment. Maybe welfare commissioner; something like that. There's thousands he helped, you know. But what do you expect? Like Poppa said, he never came out. Not one election would he work. We might of even run him. But his *clothes!* Nobody could *see* him, you know what I mean."

JOSEPH PAPALEO has had two previous stories dealing with the Italian milieu in COMMENTARY: "The Kidnap" (May 1955) and "Graduation" (September 1959); he has also published in other journals. A native New Yorker, Mr. Papaleo formerly taught at Fieldston High School in Riverdale and is now teaching at Sarah Lawrence College.

"Anarchista," Mrs. Mauro said, and Tasca laughed.

"Well, he was never Republican, at least." Tasca looked at the old lady; her face did not confirm his wit, and he asked again for Paul's address.

Mrs. Mauro went inside and returned holding a slip of paper.

"I'll get in touch here," Tasca said to the paper as he took it. "We'll get him down in a car. And he'll stay here when he comes?"

Mrs. Mauro nodded. "In the *cantina.*"

"The wine cellar?" Tasca smiled, but weakly. "He sleeps there?"

"To see his books," she said. "The *cantina* is full."

"That's right," Tasca said. "You're not making wine no more. You get it from my father."

His black Cadillac sat before the house. The driver, Petey LoScalzo, waved to Mrs. Mauro. She waved coyly, almost fearfully.

Tasca had the porch door ajar. "We got work to do this election, *Signora.* It looks tight."

Mrs. Mauro nodded and shook him off with a wave. She stood up and went to the windows as his car rode away. Now she felt his visit within her; she was exhausted suddenly. He was an official, in the courts, with power over the city.

And old Tasca, still alive. Sitting on a soft chair next to the wine. Retired ten years! But Luigi Mauro in the subway until his last day.

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She heard her heavy breathing and went inside for a ten o'clock cappuccino, which she brought back to the porch.

It was Paolo they wanted now; who they had called a disgrace in Salerno. She smiled at Paul's jokes, yet they were heresy. The Pope and the King.

"I just met Tasca, Ma." It was her daughter Reni's voice.

Mrs. Mauro stared at the shopping bags Reni had rested and leaned down to pick through them. "The stupid trees," she said, referring to American broccoli.

Reni picked up the bags. "Let me put this in the kitchen," she said. "Don't do it here on the floor."

"My brother is coming," Mrs. Mauro said, and followed her daughter inside.

UNCLE PAUL arrived the next night. It was a Friday, and Mrs. Mauro had prepared squid. She ordered her brother to sit.

"Call Johnny," he said to Reni. "I want my nephew."

"I called last night," Reni said. "As soon as he can get off, he said."

"He works," Mrs. Mauro said. "He can't come."

"I don't care." Paul smiled at Reni. "At my age, he must come. Who knows if I'll finish this night."

"Oh, Uncle!" Reni said. She enjoyed the shock; Paul said what others thought but were afraid to say. "When's the dinner?"

"Who cares?" Paul said. "When your life is the yellow leaf, you don't care when the unretired lawyers give you a free lamb chop and painted peas."

"Now you sound just like Momma."

Paul nodded and ate. "Well, why not," he said after a while. "That's my sister. Shouldn't I have some of the old stupidity now I'm old. Old age is childhood again, they say. And what was mine in Salerno, then? We had the herb doctor, to put powders on your throat for strep infections. And young men, they wanted strength, wore the garlic. What can I be now?"

"Oh, Uncle!" Reni served him in the quiet of forks and china striking. Mrs. Mauro sat and ate silently as always.

When Reni poured the coffee, Mrs. Mauro yawned. *"Rosinell',"* Paul called softly.

"Yes, yes. I hear you. I hear you," she said in Italian.

Paul placed his hands on hers as her eyelids began to close. *"La vecchiaia,"* she said. "Life is stopping."

"It is never stopping," Paul said. "We're afraid to watch it move. We become a mouse in the house."

He smiled for Reni. She looked at her mother with concern. Paul said, "I sit up there with the cows and the trees. I say, is it possible? This feeling in me? Can one miss the Bronx?"

The doorbell rang, and Mrs. Mauro was the first to respond. "Johnny," she said, and went down the hall.

The deep sounds of men's voices filled the dark, and Mrs. Mauro came back to the kitchen calling anxiously.

"Paul! *Avvocato* Tasca! *Avvocato* Tasca!" Her voice was shrill with fear and awe. She was embarrassed by the oilcloth not covered with the linen.

"Hello, Paul. Look who's here again. With a little surprise behind me here. Well, *buon appetito.*" Tasca rubbed his hands. "What's this I smell here. The good *calamari.* That's a *profumo.* Ah, the home touch."

He unfolded his hands for Mrs. Mauro and held them out to the long silver coffee pot, the cluster of cordial bottles. The little pictures of the Bronx kitchen warmed a false nostalgia in him, but his face and his gestures had the gloss of downtown, of city offices, dinners at the Biltmore, deals, and cigars.

It was a strong face, with a carefully nurtured complexion; its expressions suited themselves to an audience in a moment, and projected the confidence that accrues in the back seats of Cadillacs.

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"Paul, look here's Judge Iannota wants to say hello to you," Tasca said, and held out his arms.

The judge stepped out of the dark hall.

"Louis. *Porca miseria!*" Paul began to rise. "Even you they got. How did they get you out?" The judge intercepted Paul and held him in his arms. "What is this?" Paul said. "Are they planning to canonize me?"

"No, no," the judge said. "We came to honor you. We remember what you did, Paul. Don't you think we marked the years of devotion and sacrifice?"

Paul wriggled out of the heavy arms. "He's starting the lamb chop speech already," he said, and sat down.

"No, no, Paul." The judge raised his beefy hands in protest; they were a laborer's hands, blunt and straight, but soft-palmed and smooth. His motion was unjudicial, and he quickly put his hands down. "I'm here to welcome the old campaigner."

"Campaigner? Is that it?" Paul sipped his coffee and sucked his lips. "You want to run *me* for office?"

"No, no. Come, Paul. Run you for office." The judge turned to Tasca for the right words.

Paul put his cup down and covered his eyes with his hands. Then he ended the silence: "Don't worry, don't worry. I was playing. I know the story."

"We came to say hello, Paul," Tasca said. "And everyone in the district knows you and is coming to your dinner."

"Then sit down," Paul said, "and have an *anisett'* before you plan the funeral. Warm your bowels."

Tasca and the judge sat down and were served drinks. Reni insisted on placing each glass on a white saucer, and that took more time. The two visitors at last drank with the unappetizing speed of the overfed, turning to compliment Mrs. Mauro on her cordial-making at the end.

"Paul," Tasca said, "the judge here come all the way from Manhattan to ask *you something*."

Paul smiled in readiness, but Tasca looked at Reni and Mrs. Mauro. "I see," Paul said. "We'll go in the parlor."

They followed Paul; Tasca shut the door on the women.

Paul took the easy chair; Tasca stood facing him from the center of the room while Judge Iannota sat at the tip of the couch and leaned close to Paul. "It's a little favor." He placed a hand on Paul's trouser at the knee. "It's nothing big. But it's going to help this election very much. That's what we think."

"Paul, you know this district's changed," Tasca said, and spread his legs, a trained movement from the podium. "It used to be all Italian. Right? Near Mound Hill Road, near your office, they had these empty lots. You remember the project. Now they got four more."

"I know that place. I had plenty clients from those projects." The judge smiled at Paul for this.

"We know, we know." Tasca stepped closer. "We had our people there. You know what it is now; it's mostly coloreds, maybe fifty thousand all told."

"Well, you got Puerto Rican, you got Cuban, you got Negro," Paul said.

"People, they told our workers, now you want a vote, get a man like Paul Di Martino. What do you think?"

Paul stroked his brow, pleased but a bit upset. "You can't be right," he said. "People remembered?"

"Paul, I swear it to you. Thousands." Tasca's arms were crossed against his jacket.

"And why not," said the judge. "People know devotion."

"Louis, please," Paul said, and stared at Tasca to go on.

"All we ask is you'll come to this one rally." Tasca's arms were out. "It's tomorrow night. It's a big thing. We may get Stevenson."

PAUL WAITED. He asked the judge for a cigarette, and the judge lit it for him and watched him smoke. "If I *am* this man," Paul began.

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"Your office was their court, their protection. You never asked a penny." Tasca rushed the words.

"If I *am* this man for the people," Paul said, "should I go like a blind man? Make them vote for your shadows?"

"What? What?" Tasca said, the pain crawling through his tone.

"There's one party here," Paul said. "If you run a monkey, he gets elected."

"Oh no, oh no." Tasca slapped his hands together. "Here you're wrong, you're wrong. There's opposition now. The wops are gone away to Mount Vernon—and who needs them; they're all Republican. Every wop with a white shirt and a used car votes for the rich now, to blow up his own head."

"And you don't run robots, you're telling me."

"Wrong again, Paul. Wrong again." Tasca came to Paul's knees and leaned down. The judge bulged forward, too. "We talked to old mammies, with the handkerchief on the head." Tasca whispered. "They know the voting records, the bills pending, the civil rights stuff. What do you think?"

The judge nodded his head violently, but Paul did not join the consternation.

"Let me think," he said.

"Sure," said the judge. "Think now. Sleep on it. You had a long trip."

Paul rose slowly; there was a curve in his back, something that had happened recently. But it was permanent in stiffness. At the sight of it, Tasca turned away to give a cigar cough. The judge came and embraced Paul's shoulders and walked along the hallway with him.

"Let's say good night," Tasca said behind them. "Where's the ladies?"

"Upstairs by this time," Paul said.

"Well, give them our good night, will you," said Tasca.

Paul and the judge reached the door. Tasca stepped up and opened it; he looked into the darkness of the porch and suddenly stepped back, striking the judge. "Who's that? Who is it?" he said to the dark.

"John Mauro," a voice said.

"Oh Johnny," Paul said. "Come in. Your mother went up."

"Well, hello, John," Tasca said, and reached for his hand. "Louis, this is Paul's nephew. The family scholar."

The judge shook John's hand but turned back to Paul. "Try to do it, tomorrow night," he said. "It's a good action." He held Paul's hand in a last extended clasp as he moved away. Suddenly he walked out. Tasca followed.

"You were listening." Paul smiled at his nephew.

John placed a finger to his lips and walked toward the kitchen, leaving Paul to shut the door. When Paul reached the kitchen, John was sitting. "I heard Mom going up as I came in. Then I stayed and listened."

"And you're ashamed of your uncle."

"Why? Will you do it?"

"Yes," Paul said.

"For what rewards? For a scroll? For a plaque? Not even an imported marble headstone."

"If I'm ready for the grave, *caro mio,* you want me to carry heavy flags? The best chance for my people here is a help from them. I know the smell of men and pigs. But these, they remember there's a poor."

John stood up and went to the stove to test the coffee pot; after he shook it, he set it to heat. "What do you want?" Paul said to his back.

"Am I to start telling you? Do as you like."

"What do you want, the revolution?"

"Well, I'd like to see some of the old Garibaldi bulls still untamed." John carried the coffee pot to the pantry, removed a cup, and poured his coffee.

"What bull?" Paul said as he caught his eye. "I always lived by due process, due process."

John drank and nodded. He sucked his

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lips in the same way as Paul. "Do you want me to come?" he asked.

"Yes," Paul said.

"Then I'd better go back and finish my papers." John took the cup to the sink and started for the door. His uncle followed behind, smiling at the bulky back; he enjoyed the indignation. "*Buona notte,* Garibaldi," he said.

John turned around and took Paul's hand. "It sticks in my throat," he said. "That Tasca gets everything cheap. They know who comes for nothing. And you deserve so much."

"Go home," Paul said, and John left.

THE NEXT EVENING John waited with Paul on the porch. At seven-thirty a black Cadillac, decorated with American flags, drove up. The driver was Petey LoScalzo, whose expression stayed the same for rallies, weddings, or funerals.

He drove them slowly through the neighborhood, the once-crowded walks deserted.

"Where are the people?" Paul asked.

"Mr. Di Martino, you heard of the blue light?" Petey pointed toward the lighted windows of the private houses. "They're all in watching the blue light."

Paul enjoyed the expression, and Petey saw his face. "Television," he went on, "keeps the streets clean. The garbage men can stay home."

In a few minutes they reached the new projects. Here there were many walkers and an air of celebration. "Here's everybody," Petey said.

The crowds were shouting at the arrivals of the cars. "This is the mayor," someone shouted nearby, and cries of *mira! mira!* ran before the car.

Paul leaned forward to look as the car wedged itself between the walkers who permitted the car through and then filled in behind it.

"I feel a little nervous now," Paul said. "I didn't know would be so many."

The car stopped. "Here we stay," Petey said, "till Tasca comes down."

About ten yards away, covered with flags and bunting, the wooden podium caught the dashing of the passing lights. Two bands at the base of it began to play. Conversation was impossible.

The three men watched the faces coming out of darkness into the sudden light of torches and flashlights; a rented klieg light, set up on a truck, rolled its beam over the mob.

The bands ceased abruptly; a fat man stepped forward and began a speech in Spanish. The lights cut across his face and though most of his words were blown off by gusts of the October wind, it seemed that the crossing slants of lights, as they passed his lips, sliced his words away.

"I don't breathe so good," Paul said.

Petey pressed the window buttons and each window slid down a few inches.

Paul rubbed his forehead, then covered his eyes. "I felt this way before," he said to John.

"What is it? What way?"

"Hard to breathe. Afraid to move my arms." As he said this, his breathing changed; it came heavily, then was normal again. "Long ago. In Bronx Court House. I met a man just before a case. He was a Tasca of those days. Now he's gone. He laughed at me, called me the private Legal Aid. That day he came up and called me Saint Francis of Jesus. Then I went in to the court. I couldn't move. Even talk."

"Sit back," John said. "Don't talk."

"The judge, he caught on," Paul said. "He called a recess. They all went home, all went home. I couldn't get up. I couldn't get up."

"Later, Paul, later."

"If I got up, the roof was coming down. Then this man, he called me the Saint Francis, he came in to take me home. The judge said—"

Another speaker began, shouting close to the microphone on the platform. It was Tasca, waving and shouting and smiling, getting crowd responses with his trained rhythm.

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He brought the sounds up louder and called to the bands to play. They rendered marches in cha cha tempo. Tasca called a bandleader in a fur hat to the stand beside him; he was a dark-faced boy, proud and exuberant.

TASCA CAME DOWN to the car. The crowd moved back for him, and he opened the door. "I'll introduce you next," he shouted. "Just say a couple of words. You're glad to be here. You know how they'll vote. Cast the vote for your true neighbors."

He leaned in to take Paul's arm.

"No," Paul said, and drew back. John stepped out of the car and shut the door.

"Something's wrong with him," John said.

"What is this? Come on, cut the crap, Johnny. What do you want here?"

"He's sick," John said.

"Come on, John. Did you say something to him?"

"I told you. Something's wrong with him."

Tasca did not react. "All right," he said. "Then just get him up there. I'll introduce. Let him wave his goddam hands."

"He can't get out." John was shouting.

"Can't get out!" Tasca grasped the door handle and pulled. He opened the door against a group of people, who allowed themselves to be pushed back. "Paul!" It was a scream now. "I'll help you. It's only a few feet. Come on. Me and Johnny." He touched Paul's hands.

Paul drew back, and Tasca sensed something. He stopped shouting and pulled his head out of the car. "I'll carry him," he said to John. "In my arms." He leaned in again. "Paul. Here. I'll carry you myself."

The bands had stopped again; the fat face appeared at the rim of the platform and looked down toward the car.

Tasca stared at Paul, whose hands covered his face. Then he straightened up and slammed the door.

"I don't know what's been done here." He showed his anger to John. "If he wasn't old—" Tasca stopped and pushed his way back to the platform.

His face appeared in the light. "Friends!" He shouted it three times. "Tonight the best friend you ever had is here with us. He came out of a hospital bed to be here. Too sick to walk. But his heart is courage. You all know Paul Di Martino!"

Tasca paused for the shouting, and pointed down. The crowd was responding strongly so that he called Paul's name a few more times.

Waves of lookers began pressing against the car. John watched the faces, hands waving, people shouting their names to Paul.

Paul's hand methodically rubbed his forehead; in sudden movements he would stop, lower his hands, and wave briefly.

Petey LoScalzo began to back the car slowly against the crowd. John followed it; as the car moved, people began to pat it affectionately, and the metallic slaps echoed faster and faster.

When the car reached the crowd's edge, John got in, and they drove into silent streets.

At Lorin Place, the silence was complete. "Can you get out?" John asked, but Paul did not answer.

John took his arms and began to lift him forward on the seat. Petey came around and opened the other door and pushed slowly at Paul's back.

Together they carried him to the sidewalk. They held him at the porch door while Reni unlatched it from the inside.

"Call a doctor," John said to Reni. She stood and stared at Paul's face. When John and Petey began to take him upstairs, she went to the telephone.

The doctor was Lou Del Vecchio, a young doctor in the neighborhood, who came when Reni was unable to reach the family doctor.

Del Vecchio came downstairs to the kitchen after being with Paul for a long

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time. "I gave him a strong sedative," he said. "Go up there, John. He wants to see you. He'll be out soon."

"Is it bad?" John said.

"Not at all. The pressure was sky high, but it's down now. A little tacchicardia, maybe. I don't know. I'll come back tomorrow."

The doctor left, and Petey went out with him. John shut the door and went upstairs. Paul's eyelids were shutting. John watched his face.

"Don't worry," Paul said. "I am better."

"The doctor said it's nothing. You're not sick."

"Sick? Sick of me, John. The man of rags."

"Don't do that now," John said.

"One breeze from the top of the mountain," Paul said. "And I am shaken down. I hate myself."

"Stop it," John said.

"My soul is old rags. I made it this way, you know."

His eyes closed. John looked at him. It was a strong but small face, with thin, fine lips and a narrow chin, almost like a woman's. John paced, then came to the bed and took Paul's hands.

"Was it wrong what I did?" Paul opened his eyes.

"No," John said. "How can a good life be wrong?"

"I never hurt a man," Paul said. "Maybe that is my trouble. It was all saved for myself."

Paul squeezed his nephew's hand and fell asleep. John placed the relaxed hands on the coverlet and went downstairs to the front porch. He saw moving lights flashing through the night sky. The cars were moving in the parade. He hoped they would not come this way. And they did not. Lorin Place remained silent and dark.

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EUGENE B. BOROWITZ

THE JEWISH NEED FOR THEOLOGY

THE CHRISTIAN, particularly the Protestant, often thinks of religion as the ability to affirm a creed, a given content of belief, as well as the life, individual and communal, which flows from this faith. But for the Jew religion cannot be so easily identified with the affirmation of a creed, and consequently the distinction between the "secular" and the "religious"—which is so basic to Christian thought—has never been strictly applicable to Judaism. The Jews were a people in the simple ethnic sense of that term before they met their God at Sinai, and the maintenance of that peoplehood has been critical to them in all the centuries that have followed. If Mordecai Kaplan has performed any lasting service in Jewish theology, it is his emphasis on this ethnic component as the inescapable base of all Jewish religiosity, and his insistence that a Judaism which knows only God, but not Israel, His people, is no authentic link in the tradition. Indeed Kaplan's therapy for the ills of contemporary Jewish religious life is a thoroughgoing revival of the sense of Jewish peoplehood and its expression in every cultural dimension. The natural result of a healthy Jewishness, he feels, would be a rebirth of Jewish piety in appropriately modern terms.

In one form or another, Kaplan's diagnosis has become an accepted axiom in responsible American Jewish theology. To proclaim one's faith in God may—so most Jewish thinkers today would agree—yield a general religiosity, but Judaism is reached only when one is equally ready to affirm the special relation of the Jewish people to Him.

The Kaplan thesis, however, has had an interesting "underground" history which is only now beginning to bear fruit. From the very start, the emphasis on the concept of peoplehood has served the needs of those who wanted to be Jewish but could not think of themselves as religious—either because they did not believe in God, or (more frequently) because they were anxious to be rid of the discipline of traditional Jewish observance and its European or immigrant overtones. With the help of Kaplan's theory or some variation of it, such non-believing or non-observant Jews (lay and rabbinic alike) could nevertheless devote themselves in all good conscience to Jewish life in its new American style, and they could feel themselves to be making a contribution to the maintenance and growth of Jewish culture without any commitment to theology or commandments. These would eventually come of themselves, or not. In either case, the present had its rationale.

Now, whatever else may be said of this

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position, it most certainly involved a distortion of Kaplan's view. Kaplan has never divided Jewish existence into two seperate realms, that of the folk and that of the faith. He has never sought to introduce the categories "secular" and "religious" into Judaism in a way that would cut the one aspect off from the other. What he has done is to develop a theory of Jewish existence according to which the people, the social reality, has always had priority over its theology, and he has built a program for the people's future on the basis of this order of priorities. At the same time he has always insisted that a people's most significant cultural achievement is its religion and that true fulfillment can only come to a people as its religion suffuses its culture. Kaplan has not been unmindful of the dangers posed by those who would use him to set up a fundamental distinction between Jewishness and Jewish religiosity. Thus, while he began by speaking of Judaism as a civilization, the years since have seen him regularly speaking of it is a *religious* civilization.

WHILE THE secularity of the average synagogue member in America cannot be understood without reference to this ideological background, he himself is unaware of the sources of his attitudes. He comes, in increasing numbers, to join the synagogue because there are few if any socially acceptable alternatives to synagogue affiliation for one who wants to maintain his Jewish identity and wants his children to be Jewish, in some sense, after him. Though this is not the only motive or level of concern to be found within the synagogue today,* the Jew who does not rise above such folk-feeling unquestionably and increasingly represents the synagogue's majority mood. More than that, however, it must be said that he also represents the synagogue's greatest threat. The damaging effect he has already had on the synagogue requires little new description. His new-found affluence and his need for status within the community have made the big building with the small sanctuary, the lavish wedding with the short ceremony, and the fabulous Bar Mitzvah celebration with the minimal religious significance, well-established patterns among American Jewish folkways. What other religious group in America can boast of men who are zealously committed to interfaith activities, but who have no faith of their own, who worship in no church with any degree of regularity, and who observe no commandments but those that their organizational participation requires or common American decency decrees? What does it say of Jewish life in America when Reform Judaism appeals because it demands so little but confers so much status?; when people blandly proclaim that they are non-observant Orthodox Jews?; when Conservative Judaism makes a virtue of not defining the center so that it may avoid alienating those disaffected on either side?

In short, the secularism which is endemic to the church is reaching into the synagogue as well. But there is a difference, for in the synagogue it claims to be there as of right, as a legitimate interpretation of Jewishness. The church can protect itself from the invasions of secularism by returning to its roots in faith, by a theological analysis of what makes it a church and who therefore has a right to participate in it. And indeed such a refining return to theology is today well under way in most of the major Protestant groups.

The impact of this concern with theology is only just beginning to be felt in Protestant life, and it may well be overwhelmed by the secular tides running through the churches. Nevertheless, a significant if small leadership has found the courage to face the issue and striven to meet it, knowing that even if it proves

* For the positive side of this movement and for a glimpse of the creative minority who are searching from within, see my article "Crisis Theology and the Jewish Community," COMMENTARY, July 1961.

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impossible to divert the massive social energies of our day, it may still be possible to prepare the church within the church that will somehow enable the truth of the gospel to survive.

Nothing like this movement in extent or depth is yet to be found in the synagogue. The stirrings of an interest in Jewish theology still affect only a few individuals responding mainly to one another and to that small group within the synagogue who have at least begun to ask the right questions.

The leadership of what is purportedly the Jewish religious community is, as a whole, uninterested in theology and is convinced that theology has nothing to do with truly practical questions like the goals of the community's activity, the methods which are appropriate to reaching them, or the criteria by which either might be judged. If anything, rabbis and laymen alike have a positive antipathy to Jewish theology which among the more articulate and knowledgeable has congealed into an ideology. Judaism, they claim, has never had a theology. Judaism is a religion of deed, not creed. To aspire toward the development of a theology is to assimilate a Christian concern, to impose on Judaism a perspective decidedly uncongenial to it—in other words, it is an attempt to translate Jewish experience into a language appropriate only to Christianity. Moreover, there are practical risks to the theological enterprise. Let a Jewish theology arise and the next step would be to seek conformity to it, to force it upon others and thus destroy that productive pluralism, that creative intellectual dialectic which has been so precious a Jewish privilege.

At the lowest level this view amounts to an elaborate defense of the accomplishments of Jewish organizations, both lay and "religious," over the past decade. The varieties of Jewish officialdom may be uneasy over the superficiality of Jewish affiliation and concerned about the meaningful continuity of Jewish life, but not to the extent of encouraging a challenge to the assumptions which underlie the mood of achievement that suffuses the organizational world of American Jewry. Only that theology is welcome which can be harnessed to organizational ends and apparatus, which is an ally and an aid to further institutionalization. No welcome is extended to a radical opposition—even an opposition that exists for the sake of heaven.

The most respectable rejection of Jewish theology stems from a concern for Jewish uniqueness, for the ethnic base of Jewishness and for its survival in some authentic fashion. Spokesmen for this view know Jewish theology only as an effort to establish the universalism of Judaism, to indicate what Jews have believed that all men might find true. Thus to them, theology inevitably involves a sacrifice of the Jewish people, of its specific historic experience and of its present separate existence. Yet whatever the motives behind it, this position, by restraining the religious explication of what is involved in Jewishness—another way of saying, Jewish theology—is serving as a major if unwitting instrument in the secularization of Judaism and the synagogue. And in any case, the fear of losing the particularity of Jewish experience is groundless, for under the influence of existentialism, contemporary theology (Christian as well as Jewish) has made its very starting point the particular and concrete existence, in which alone all universals are to be seen and find their meaning; this, indeed, is one of the things that distinguishes it most sharply from the rationalist line of 19th-century Jewish thought which was to some extent guilty of sacrificing the idea of Jewish peoplehood to the dream of a "universal" Judaism.

INCONSISTENT IS too mild a word; *chutzpah* alone is adequate to characterize the assertion that theology has no place in Judaism. Because Judaism is basically ethnic, it does not follow that all else in Judaism is optional. What tradi-

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tional Jewish warrant can be found for the view that Jewish peoplehood is separable from Jewish religiosity? It is only in the last seventy-five years that the idea of Jewishness as a species of secular existence has become so much as conceivable. Judaism has throughout its history asserted that to be a member of the Jewish people was to participate in the Covenant with God and that to partake of Jewish ethnicity was simultaneously to serve God's purpose in history. Modern scholarship has by dint of much diligent toil sought to describe the Jews as they were before Sinai, to picture them as another sub-Semitic group or economic class. But the most important fact about pre-Sinaitic Israel is its utter rejection by classical Jewish literature. Once the secular Hebrews found themselves the people of the Covenant, they knew their only significant origins to be the meetings with God by Abraham and at Sinai. Once the Hebrews had found their new and altered character as God's people, once they had passed beyond the ethnicity of the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Girgashites, their role as the servant-folk of God was all that mattered. Those, then, who consciously or unconsciously are turning the synagogue into an effectively secular institution are blaspheming a sacred history of millennia, indeed all the history the Jewish people has ever cared to remember until recent years.

BUT IF Jewishness, while ethnic, has a religious component, modern man is entitled to know what Jewish belief means today. Perhaps in an earlier period one could have relied on the solidarity of the Jewish community or the continuity of Jewish practice to bring Judaism safely through the danger of secular domination. But it is precisely the Jewish masses who are the source of the growing secularism, while the standards of Jewish practice have by their continual decline shown their lack of independent foundation or authority. If *kashrut* were still regarded as God's command, the Jew might well withstand the many-layered temptations which arise to violate it. If study were a *mitzvah* and not another possibility for leisure-time recreation, then Jewish learning might be a thick hedge surrounding the remnants of Jewish piety. But since neither the spirit nor the practice of "catholic Israel" suffices any longer to assure meaningful Jewish continuity, we are all the more in need of an adequate statement of Jewish faith relevant to our day, for it is only this that can restore the Jewish community to its goals and to the duties they entail. Where another generation might seek to meet its problems by trusting naively to the onward motion of an unfolding organic development, we are deprived of any such trust. History and sociology have shown us where we have been and where we are tending—shall we now pretend that we are blind? We have all the sophistication which self-knowledge and self-consciousness confer—where shall we hope to find the innocence of ignorance? Secularism is rising in religious guise, powered by the social and economic readjustments of a post-immigration, post-depression, and postwar America. To hide from this knowledge is simultaneously to spurn our freedom, and by preferring illusion to reality, to contemn the franchise of modernity. The question can no longer be whether Jewishness has always had a religious content or whether we really need discuss it. The only honest question left to ask is, how shall we speak of Jewish faith?

True, we cannot hope to speak out of an unbroken tradition of theology which has grown and developed with Judaism itself. For many reasons, the philosophic explication of faith has not, in the past, seemed a necessary part of Israel's continuing intellectual activity. Thus, to develop a Jewish theology today, to explain what would purport to be an authentic Judaism, inevitably means using concepts and standards devised in a Christian context for Christian purposes. Such a task of

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translation seems forbiddingly formidable. Yet similar labor has been done before in Jewish Diaspora experience. Indeed, the classic expressions of Jewish theological creativity were the products of a cross-fertilization of Judaism and some other culture. The incursion of Hellenistic thought into Judaism, for example, made Philo both possible and necessary. And Maimonides was compelled to write the *Guide for the Perplexed* (and, one might argue, even his *Code*) because in his time Judaism was challenged by an Islam confident of its own truth and able to argue for itself in neo-Aristotelian terms. Neither Philo nor Maimonides nor any of their colleagues had a traditionally Jewish yet "universal" theological vocabulary to draw upon. They had to fashion one out of the general philosophic material of their day—and they succeeded in doing so without surrendering their Judaism. They succeeded because they did their borrowing in all Jewish self-respect, limiting their acquisitions to what they felt were the limits set by their Jewish faith, and transforming what they had borrowed to suit their Jewish goals. Philo's *logos* is qualitatively distinct from that of his Hellenistic predecessors, and Maimonides, who knows Aristotle's thesis of the eternity of matter so well that he can on its account break with the Moslem philosophic tradition of proving God from creation, will not surrender completely to that thesis because it might imperil Judaism's insistence upon miracle and freedom. If Jewish theology must always be an "answering" theology, then the risk of falsifying Judaism will always have to be run. Still there is ample Jewish precedent to show that the risks can be overcome and that Judaism can thereby acquire a new vitality. If anything, the fact that Christianity stems from Judaism and seeks indigenously to relate to Judaism's God, makes it at once easier and more necessary to find a means of saying, in language we both can share, where we must differ and where we can agree.

Such a quest for intellectual clarity need not restrict Judaism's traditional freedom in the realm of thought. There is a significant difference between dogmatic and systematic theology. The former is an effort to clarify and explain, perhaps even to justify, what a member of a church with dogmas must believe. The latter also seeks to clarify, explain, and justify faith, but if the church does not insist on defining the content held necessary for membership, then the theology may, at best, come to be pervasive, accepted, and universally relied upon. The sense of discipline or obligation need not appear.

Judaism could hardly tolerate a dogmatic theology, for dogma, taken strictly, is alien to its spirit and experience. Rigor and authority are known only in the realm of Jewish practice, of *halachah,* but have rarely been introduced into the realm of thought. Thus, the closest thing to a dogmatic theology in Judaism might once have been a theology of the *halachah.* But with authority in the area of Jewish practice as eroded as it has become, such an enterprise, even were it able to surmount the almost insuperable academic difficulties involved, would still only be as coercive as its argument was persuasive.

Inhospitality to dogmatic theology, however, still leaves ample room for the systematic theology which would seek to set forth the content of Jewish belief in an integrated and reasoned way. The authority of such a theology would rest on its ability to convince, not on its special ecclesiastical status, and its very presence in the intellectual forum would require those with other views, or none, to meet its arguments and match its standards.

Since Jewish theology must be systematic rather than dogmatic, a reawakening of theological concern might very well result in a variety of views and approaches. But so far as the fight against the new religio-secularism is concerned, this would make very little difference, and so far as Judaism is concerned, it would be all to the good. Such disagreements could be re-

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solved in meaningful and constructive debate, and if not resolved, they would at least contribute to the clarification of alternative possibilities in Jewish faith—while showing, incidentally, how baseless is the fear that the development of a modern Jewish theology will lead to creedal compulsion. If more need be said on this point, we might take note of the fact that the nature of such views as have already emerged among the younger Jewish theologians would militate strongly against any effort to impose them upon others. There is no absolutistic tendency apparent in the writings of Emil Fackenheim or Jakob Petuchowski or Steven Schwarzschild or any of the other contemporary thinkers who have contributed to the nascent Jewish theological enterprise of the past few years. On the contrary, for most of them, freedom of conscience is the very foundation of thought and their concern with theology stems in the first place from their desire to transform Judaism from a social fate into a free commitment of conscience.

WHAT JUDAISM needs, then, is not a theology, but theological concern, not theological uniformity but theological informedness. Whether expressed in a single pattern or in several patterns, this would make possible the corrected vision we require—a sharp focus on the religious component of Jewishness.

It would, of course, be naive to suppose that mere intellectual formulation and discussion could have an immediate or powerful effect on a community as ethnically rooted and as happily integrating as American Jewry. Still, every man of intellectual self-respect would feel himself challenged, and the new, biting quality to the quest for a meaningful Jewish identity would influence many. Through serious theological discussion Jewish identity would be defined, Jewish commitments and obligations outlined. Anyone who had the willingness to do so would finally be given an opportunity to direct his Jewish interest to serious Jewish living, and those who were still standing indecisively at the margins of the congregation would be provided with an incentive to join the community of the faithful. Perhaps a decisive minority could be won.

The positive hope is obvious—but there might also be a negative consequence from which we need not shy away. Clarifying Jewish faith might bring many to the conclusion that they cannot honestly participate in Judaism and the synagogue. Jewish theology could thus become a means of driving Jews from the synagogue. No one wishes to lose Jews for Judaism, but the time has come when the synagogue must be saved for the religious Jew. The time has come when we must be prepared to let some Jews opt out so that those who remain in, or who come in, will not be diverted from their duty to God. As the religion of a perpetual minority, Judaism must always first be concerned with the saving remnant, and so long as the synagogue is overwhelmed by the indifferent and the apathetic who control it for their own non-religious purposes, that remnant will continue to be deprived of its proper communal home. By defining the issues, clarifying the goals, challenging the conventions, Jewish theology may help save a faithful seed and thus round out its prophetic function in our time.

Would there, then, be no place in this community for the secular Jew? Would he be excommunicated, cut off forever from the Jewish people? Surely the answer must depend upon the secularist's own Jewish concern. Some secular Jews have no interest in the Jewish people at all. They are Jews by birth and their secularism, they say, is purely human and universal, neither having nor requiring any particular foundation (which prompts the obvious comment that, remarkably, this urban, intellectual, universal type is a Jew). The responsibility of the religious community to such Jews would be to help them see what Judaism is and might be. But their right (and perhaps their duty)

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to stop being known as Jews would be all the more available to them as a matter of free choice.

The Jew who is secular in the sense of lacking religious faith but loyal to the Jewish community—the man who wants neither God nor commandments, but who likes Jews, the Jewish approach to life, or the Jewish style of being different—is the more difficult problem, perhaps because he is so new to the Jewish scene. What would an adequate Jewish theology say to him? Concerned with Jewish peoplehood and Jewish history, it would somehow have to come to terms with all the various groupings into which this people has evolved, and with all the transitional forms in which so many of them find themselves—though it would also have to judge the ultimate value of these groupings and forms in terms of their relation to God. Committed to *Klal Yisroel* as well as to God, the new Jewish theology would probably take an ambivalent attitude to the committed Jewish secularist. He has a place among his people as long as he wishes one—nevertheless he does not stand within its traditional frame. He has his rights as worker, seeker, contributor—but hardly as leader, spokesman, or examplar. He must be called "Jew," for there is no other useful term for him—nevertheless he is not, in his rejection of the Jewish faith, a "true," a "real," a "good" Jew. So long as his Jewish loyalty is limited to the people but not to the God it serves, he must be considered truncated and unfulfilled.

Jewish theology therefore has a special responsibility to him, both as challenge and alternative. It must ask him the source of his values, the foundations of his beliefs, in people, in ideals, in Jewishness itself. It must help him reach the profound questions of human existence to which Judaism has been a response. And over against his own implicit faith, it must pose the faith of the Jewish ages, now interpreted fresh and anew. It must help him face the need to believe, which is basic to any life of ideals, and it must then help him build a personal foundation in faith that can reach up to all men and the whole of human history. Within this context it must set before him in cogent fashion the riches, the depth, the maturity in value which centuries of experience in many different worlds of culture have brought to Judaism. How many intellectuals there are who know everything there is to know about minor novelists and poets and painters, but—witness the COMMENTARY symposium of last year—dismiss as insignificant a Judaism they stopped studying at the age of thirteen! Such Jews too should feel free—perhaps they should even be encouraged—to leave a Jewish people they discover irrevocably wed to God. But the Jewish theologian affirms his vocation as an affirmation of Judaism, in the faith that Judaism can only benefit from exposition and scrutiny. He trusts that he may communicate not concepts alone, but faith, and that he may arouse not understanding alone, but commitment.

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H. STUART HUGHES

GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF GUERRILLA WARFARE

MY TITLE PARAPHRASES that of Clemenceau's war memoirs. It is intended to suggest the central ambiguity of guerrilla fighting—its combination of petty and even squalid means with a level of personal heroism far above what is customary in orthodox combat. It may also bring to mind Clemenceau's other and more celebrated phrase that war is too important to be left to the generals. In the activities of guerrillas, the professional soldier and the civilian blend: it is often difficult to tell one from the other. Here the talented amateur has traditionally had a free field; a few lucky hits, and he may find himself almost overnight established as the expert to whom the professionals defer.

I have before me no less than seven recently published books in the field of guerrilla warfare. Doubtless there are others that have escaped my notice. Most of them are brief and professional in tone, and all devote major attention to Communist use of guerrilla and counter-guerrilla tactics. Of primary interest are the classic works by revolutionary leaders themselves—Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara—which are now for the first time made readily available in English translation. Two specialized studies deal with Russian guerrilla activities in the Second World War and with the protracted (and continuing) postwar struggle in Indochina.* An unclassifiable book is the dignified and pathetic account by an exiled Lithuanian of partisan resistance in his country against the imposition of Soviet rule.† Finally there are a pair of general works that try to acquaint the American reader with the whole range of irregular military experience—Peter Paret's and John W. Shy's *Guerrillas in the 1960's*** and a volume of essays edited by Franklin Mark Osanka under the title *Modern Guerrilla Warfare*.‡

Of these, the latter is by far the more helpful and complete. Its contributors, totaling over thirty, include several of the authors of the specialized volumes, and it conscientiously tries to cover all important Communist-led movements, plus the mili-

H. STUART HUGHES participated in the roundtable discussion of "Western Values and Total War" in our issue of October 1961; the previous March, his piece on "The Strategy of Deterrence" provoked much discussion. Mr. Hughes, who is currently running as an independent candidate for U.S. Senator from Massachusetts, is professor of history at Harvard, and the author, among other books, of *Consciousness and Society* and *Contemporary Europe*.

* *Mao Tse-tung on Guerrilla Warfare*, translated and with an introduction by Brigadier General Samuel B. Griffith (114 pp., $4.50); *Che Guevara on Guerrilla Warfare*, with an introduction by Major Harries-Clichy Peterson (120 pp., $3.95); Brigadier C. Aubrey Dixon and Otto Heilbrunn, *Communist Guerilla Warfare* (225 pp., $4.95); George K. Tanham, *Communist Revolutionary Warfare: The Vietminh in Indochina* (176 pp., $5.00). (All are published by Frederick A. Praeger.)

† K. V. Tauras, *Guerilla Warfare on the Amber Coast* (Voyages Press, 110 pp., $3.00).

** Praeger, 90 pp., $3.50.

‡ The Free Press, 519 pp., $7.50.

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tary campaigns directed against them, during the past two decades. Necessarily there are many overlaps and repetitions of material; an additional difficulty is that a number of the essays, which originally appeared as articles in military journals, have not been adequately revised and brought up to date. These criticisms aside—and with allowance for the militantly anti-Communist attitude of most of the contributors—the Osanka volume will doubtless take its place as the standard work on contemporary guerrilla warfare.

WHY this flurry of interest? Apparently our countrymen have suddenly awakened to the importance of irregular armed formations; after long neglect and obscurity as the stepchildren of the American military establishment, the various types of unconventional forces have emerged into an unexpected blaze of public attention. In May 1961, President Kennedy told the Congress that he was "directing the Secretary of Defense to expand rapidly and substantially . . . the orientation of existing forces for the conduct of . . . para-military operations and . . . unconventional wars." Shortly thereafter one of the President's intellectual advisers, Walt W. Rostow, in an address to a graduating class of counter-guerrilla trainees, "saluted" his audience "as I would a group of doctors, teachers, economic planners, agricultural experts, civil servants, or those others who are now leading the way in the whole southern half of the globe in fashioning new nations and societies that will stand up straight and assume in time their rightful place of dignity and responsibility in the world community." This speech—the most extensive and authoritative administration statement on the subject—appropriately figures as the concluding essay in the Osanka volume.

What has happened, of course, is that our government has discovered that it has run out of military policies—or rather, that none of the policies devised thus far has proved capable of meeting the real Communist challenge. We tried "containment" first, then "massive retaliation," then the present "mix" of "deterrence" and "counterforce" which has ended by confusing nearly everyone. In each case—with the exception of the first two years of containment—the strategy was too cumbersome for the end in view. It carried too many risks of "escalation" into all-out nuclear war. In brief, it proved itself powerless to deal with Communist and semi-Communist "nibbling." And this was the only form in which Communism was making advances throughout the 1950's. To our grieved surprise, we discovered that we could not stop jungle guerrillas with the threat of hydrogen bombs.

This is the central problem to which the authors of the present studies—roughly half military and half civilian—address themselves. The dilemma is cogently put by Samuel P. Huntington, who writes in the introduction to the Osanka volume: "In the future the United States may find itself forced to act in areas and in ways in which it can no longer bring to bear overwhelming military might. It may find itself forced to lead from weakness rather than from strength, its military power caught in the twin fetters of political exigency and mutual deterrence." Khrushchev has made his own position quite clear: while arguing with his Chinese ideological allies that full-scale war should be avoided, he has explicitly excepted "wars of national liberation"—i.e., infiltration by guerrillas. Such has been the pattern in the immediate past: such is it likely to be in the future.

In studying the theory and practice of guerrilla warfare, our authors have three stated aims and a fourth which hovers uneasily in the background of their thinking. The first and most obvious is to discover what "the enemy" is up to. The second is to assess the possibilities of counter-guerrilla action. The third, less familiar and much grimmer, is to sketch a "broken-back" strategy—the chances for further resistance open to a power that has been

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"defeated" in an exchange of nuclear blows. Finally—and for the most part only by implication—it remains to reckon with the radical proposal of converting the national military establishment to primary reliance on irregular or citizen formations for territorial defense.

Most of the volumes start with some species of historical survey. It is no news to hear that guerrilla activities have a pedigree stretching back for centuries; the only novelty is to find lined up in a common tradition military exploits that have been dealt with in isolated accounts or on the margin of the usual histories of warfare. The earliest example given is of the Breton hero Bertrand du Guesclin, who in the Hundred Years War demoralized the English by his hit-and-run tactics and his refusal to fight a pitched battle. Some of our authors also remind us that we ourselves have a great guerrilla among our military forebears—the Revolutionary "swamp-fox," Francis Marion, whose perennial popularity with schoolboys belies the prevailing impression that Americans naturally incline to tidily ordered campaigns, well weighed down with the latest military hardware and lavish PX supplies for the troops. Men like du Guesclin and Marion, however, figure only as precursors. Everyone agrees that the modern phenomenon of guerrilla warfare begins with the Spanish resistance to Napoleon —hence the name "little war." And from here the descent is clear to the Russian skirmishing attacks of 1812, the Boer commandos which kept the British in South Africa at bay for two full years, the partisan movements in both Eastern and Western Europe during the Second World War, and the postwar risings of Communist or leftist forces in Greece, China, Southeast Asia, Algeria, and Cuba.

Yet in the continuity of these hundred and fifty years of guerrilla history one notable change emerges. The 19th-century irregulars were patriotic conservatives—peasants or men with the mentality of peasants tenaciously fighting to repulse the foreigner who, like Napoleon and the British proconsuls in South Africa, threatened the old ways of doing things. Contemporary guerrillas are revolutionaries—and sometimes, as in Southeast Asia, foreigners or semi-foreigners themselves. Indeed, in contemporary usage, guerrilla warfare and revolutionary warfare are almost synonymous. Here Mao Tse-tung ranks as the great innovator. Since the Communist Chinese "Long March" of 1934–1935—the largest and most dramatic single episode in the history of irregular combat—all major guerrilla leaders have also been social revolutionaries. And by the same token the geographical and class location of revolutions has shifted. In the 19th and early 20th centuries these were based on the "advanced" middle class and workers of the great cities: today they originate in the back country and among the peasantry.

Everywhere, then, in the contemporary world guerrilla warfare has a certain family resemblance. Whether or not the leaders have read Mao's classic work on the subject, whether they are true Communists or merely agrarian revolutionaries, the pattern of their activities is much the same. This is the pattern our authors are trying to establish—and in doing so, to find ways of breaking it.

MOST STUDENTS of the military art incline to lapidary formulas. They like to reduce the complexities of strategy to a few simple injunctions which can be relied on in moments of stress to spring to mind with the force of the self-evident. Our writers on guerrilla warfare are no exception. They delight in Mao's four-character precept *"Sheng Tung, Chi Hsi"*—which roughly seems to mean "when things get hot in the east, strike in the west"—or the French Maquis's *"surprise, mitraillage, évanouissement."* Each writer has his own definition. But the clearest and most inclusive is Huntington's: *"Guerrilla warfare is a form of warfare by which the strategically weaker side assumes the tac-*

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tical offensive in selected forms, times, and places."

Here the key phrase is "strategically weaker side." It covers all the apparently conflicting and overlapping manifestations of the guerrilla's art. In much of the public discussion of irregular warfare, these distinctions are obliterated or forgotten. Thus hasty writers treat a spontaneously engendered force like Castro's—which started from a nucleus of only twelve men—as the equivalent of a regular army unit obliged by ill fortune to resort to guerrilla activity. Guerrilla tactics may be constant—they have in common the shifts and dodges of the weak facing the strong—but the origins and ultimate goals of individual forces give each movement a different emotional tone. One of the problems of retraining soldiers for irregular warfare is to make them accept as normal a method of fighting that seems to violate all the rules—and in which matchless bravery lies hidden under the constant necessity of running away from the enemy. Similarly, the supreme irony of the natural-born guerrilla band is that its moment of greatest danger comes when it feels strong enough to go over to regular warfare in the open field.

In the current enthusiasm for guerrillas, the lesson of their relative weakness is likely to be neglected. More particularly our government may expect too much from the organization of counter-guerrilla forces. In this connection, it is important to review what our authors have to say about the unavoidable limitations of irregular warfare.

It is not surprising to find them in agreement on the overriding importance of a good relationship with the surrounding population. Nearly all cite Mao's familiar phrase about the guerrillas as fish and the people as the water in which they swim, and it is reassuring to find at last the *locus classicus* itself properly embedded in the Chinese leader's own words. Yet closer inspection reveals that the relation of guerrillas to people is far less simple than this homely saying would suggest: the trouble with nearly every proverb is that there is another in circulation which exactly contradicts it. Revolutionary guerrillas may spring from the people and find their natural habitat among them. Yet at the same time they may be feared and hated by these same people—for they loot and burn, they impress peaceful peasants into their ranks, and they bring down upon innocent villagers the ruthless reprisals of their enemies. In most cases the local people must at the very least be of divided mind about the guerrillas whom they feed and harbor.

I find it hard to get at the truth. If one reads Mao Tse-tung's own words, one is impressed by the sweet reasonableness of his tone (no wonder so many Americans twenty years ago took him to be no more than an "agrarian reformer"!). He is all for humanity and all for courtesy in relations between his troops and their hosts. The "Three Rules and the Eight Remarks" devised by his Eighth Route Army, besides the basic injunction "do not steal from the people," contain such heart-warming down-to-earth precepts as "roll up the bedding on which you have slept" and "do not bathe in the presence of women." Yet we know that behind the bland tone there has often lurked terror or the threat of terror. Guerrilla leaders who have read and pondered Mao's text have not hesitated to behave with utter ruthlessness when circumstances appeared to require it.

DOUBTLESS THE truth of each particular guerrilla situation is extremely complex. A fair conclusion might be that a competent and confident guerrilla leader applies terror only as a last resort. For if he does, he lands himself in a vicious circle. He has found terror necessary because the people were not sufficiently on his side. Yet his resort to terror intensifies their hostility. I think it is significant that the three cases of successful counter-guerrilla activity our authors cite—in Greece from

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1946 to 1949, in Malaya between 1948 and 1960, and against the Huks in the Philippines—all saw the revolutionaries in question eventually at odds with the local population. In each case also there were special circumstances that aided the work of repression: Greece was close to home and familiar ground for Western material and moral aid; in Malaya, the guerrillas were Chinese and hence foreign to most of the native people; in the Philippines, Ramon Magsaysay accompanied his attacks on the Huks with generous offers of land to those who submitted. Yet even in these optimum conditions, the work of pacification proved long and expensive. It cost the British in Malaya $80,000 per guerrilla fighter!

This kind of evidence makes me skeptical, to say the least, about the potentialities of the commando or counter-guerrilla forces that our country is now training. Surely our current experience in South Vietnam suggests that the waters there are not particularly life-giving to our sort of fish. What do we do when we find that "the people" are not on our side? Do we resort to terror? Or is the uprooting of whole villages—as we are now doing in Vietnam, on the model of British and French practice in Malaya and Algeria—not in itself a kind of bureaucratized and bloodless terror? I have noted already that the guerrilla chief who feels his hold on the people slipping cannot resist the temptation to extort by violence a support that is no longer freely given. How much more will this temptation assail the commander of counter-guerrillas, bewildered, suspicious, and far from home, when the popular backing on which he has counted eludes him?

Here the examples from recent history are instructive—and discouraging. The task of repression in Algeria was carried out by men who had studied the works of Mao and conscientiously tried to imitate their enemies. Yet they failed. What is more, they had the worst of both worlds: the terror they applied profoundly corrupted the French armed forces, but still proved insufficient to the job at hand; the home population grew weary of the struggle, and the young conscripts were sickened to the point of insubordination. Technically the work of repression could have been accomplished: what was lacking were people ruthless enough to go all the way. To find out how to perform such a job really efficiently, one has only to read of the systematic brutalities by which Soviet NKVD troops after eight years of effort snuffed out Lithuanian resistance entirely. But are NKVD troops to be our model? How much re-training can our countrymen stand before they cease to be recognizable as citizens of a democracy?

IT IS IN this context, also, that we Americans need to assess the possibilities of a "broken-back" war or a defense by citizen volunteers. We run a danger of romanticizing the life of the guerrilla or resistance leader. Since we have had no recent experience of such warfare, we tend to forget that there is far more of dirt and agony and heartbreak than there is of gay camaraderie in the life of a partisan fighter. I am troubled when I read that it is not the advocates of peace and reconciliation but rather the vigilantes of the right who have most enthusiastically embraced the notion of a guerrilla defense; in a number of our western and southern towns, I hear, the Americans of unimpeachable virtue are already drilling. Meantime the government has made no official move either to discourage such activities or to direct them into more useful channels. It would be a dreadful irony of our contemporary history if one of the most promising alternatives to thermonuclear deterrence should be exploited as covert support for political reaction.

It is imperative, then, to find a democratic model for a citizen defense—whether we have in mind a "broken-back" war or a conscious shift from nuclear strategy to reliance on conventional weapons. The first of these is almost too grisly

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to contemplate. I find it difficult to imagine how the inhabitants of our small towns and countryside would have the heart to pick up the pieces of our national life and continue a war effort after our major cities had been blasted. But a responsible government owes it to its people to "think about the unthinkable." At the very least it needs to make sure that a "broken-back" strategy is based on advance *official* planning rather than on the private schemes of self-constituted exemplars of patriotism. It is essential to assign before catastrophe strikes the individual tasks that may devolve on each community in the event that direction from the national capital should be cut off.

This reasoning applies both to post-holocaust strategy and to the more humane (*and* realistic) alternative of a conventional defense without recourse to nuclear arms. In either case, the citizen needs to know precisely what is expected of him, where he is to report, what equipment he should keep ready, how to improvise against unforeseen eventualities. The models for such planning are close at hand—the neutral European democracies, Sweden and Switzerland, which have long placed their reliance on part-time citizen reserves. In both countries, the standard of training is thoroughly professional: the reserve officer or soldier is serious about his commitments. To date, however, the Swiss or Swedish example has found few advocates in our country. The top brass finds it amateurish; to the peace people it smacks of militarism. I know of only one consistent proponent of such a strategy—Frederick M. Stern, whose writings deserve to be added to any bibliography of imaginative thinking on questions of defense.*

Yet even its most strenuous advocates cannot regard citizen defense as a totally satisfactory solution. Its real worth is as a deterrent—a warning to a potential invader that his task will be long and difficult and that he will meet stubborn resistance every step of the way. Such a defense provides no answer to nuclear blackmail; it can mount no more than a desperate delaying action; it may lead to the most ruthless reprisals. Perhaps it is fully effective only in isolated or mountain areas. (During the Second World War, the Swiss were prepared to withdraw from more than half their country and to base their bedrock defense on their Alpine fastnesses alone.) Beyond the tragic heroism of a citizen defense through conventional arms lies non-violent resistance as the ultimate recourse of free men. If nuclear weapons are too terrible to employ, if counter-guerrillas are of doubtful effectiveness and of potential danger to our own values, if a citizen defense is more a deterrent than a viable military solution, non-violence alone remains. Such may be the final—and very simple—lesson of the complexities of contemporary strategic thinking which in its search for sophistication has lost humanity from view.

* Notably, "Disarmament and a Citizen Army," *Army*, October 1960, and *The Citizen Army* (St. Martin's Press, 1957).

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EDMUND WILSON'S CIVIL WAR

Robert Penn Warren

ONE OF THE figures treated by Edmund Wilson in his *Patriotic Gore** is Francis Grierson. As a child, Grierson, whose real name was Jesse Shepherd, had lived in a log cabin in Sangamon County, Illinois, but at twenty, in 1869, he stormed Paris. He gave recitals of his piano improvisations in the salons of aristocratic ladies and before crowned heads. He was extravagantly praised by such writers as Mallarmé and Sully-Prudhomme. He himself became a famous writer, and that in French. Maeterlinck called him "the supreme essayist of the age." Then, in middle life, in the middle of the exotic life he had created for himself, Grierson turned his thoughts back to the log cabin in Sangamon County, and to the strange sense of impending doom and visionary elation that had touched that world in the years before the Civil War, when he, as a boy, had heard Lincoln and Douglas debate. The book he wrote is called *The Valley of Shadows.* Wilson places it among the American classics.

After Axel's Castle, the Finland Station, and the Dead Sea, Wilson himself comes back, as it were, to America; and his book, too, may become a classic.

It will not do to push the parallel between Grierson and Wilson too far. There is little in common between the foggy mysticism ordinarily characteristic of Grierson and the clear, hard, sometimes arrogant glare of Wilson's intelligence. But when Grierson, in recollection, returns to the years before the Civil War, the fogginess lifts, and when Wilson, in imagination, returns, the intellectual glare is mollified. Now we not only see something new in the world that his intelligence lights up; we see, also, something new about Wilson, new ranges of sympathy, new dimensions of feeling.

Wilson has, indeed, written before about Americans, of the past as well as the present, but he has treated them with his special critical apparatus, which could be focused with more ease, perhaps, on Proust than on Hawthorne, and with no difference in the degree of detachment. But involvement, almost a sense of self-discovery, is what we can detect here. Wilson says of Grierson, that, in *The Valley of Shadows,* it is almost as though "the experience had imposed itself on him, that a great moment of history has lived itself through him." And that, allowing for all differences, is what we find here, too.

Patriotic Gore is a shocker, and the first and most obviously shocking thing about it is the Introduction. Wilson says: "Having myself lived through a couple of world wars and having read a certain amount of history, I am no longer disposed to take very seriously the professions of 'war aims' that nations make." Then, after describing the blind ingurgitation of one sea slug by another in a recent nature film by Walt Disney, he continues: "The wars fought by human beings are stimulated as a rule primarily by the same instincts as the voracity of the sea slug. . . . The difference [in this respect] between man and the other forms of life is that man has succeeded in cultivating enough of what he calls 'morality' and 'reason' to justify what he is doing in terms of what he calls 'virtue' and 'civilization.' Hence the self-assertive sounds which he utters when he is fighting and swallowing others. . ."

This is shocking enough. But it is even more shocking to encounter a thumbnail sketch of the history of our country written in terms of the behavior of the sea slug, with some record of the accompanying "self-assertive sounds," including historical justifications. Then, in the body of the book, in the limpid prose of the fascinating narratives, there is shock after shock to our official versions and received opinions, with sometimes more reports of the "self-assertive sounds" made by human beings who are merely, as William James puts it, "the sur-

* Oxford University Press, 860 pp., $8.50.

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vivors of one successful massacre after another."

But to return to the Introduction. Dramatically, it is a splendid way to begin the book—to throw the reader back on his heels, to make him come gasping for breath to the story of Americans of the past trying to find and justify their roles in a great crisis. But Wilson mixes the dramatic function with certain controversial elements which invite immediate and local criticism; he does not hold some prim distance as Swift would have done, a distance beyond local criticism, nor does he overwhelm local criticism by wit and elegant buffoonery, as Shaw would have done. For instance, neither Swift nor Shaw would have committed the tactical error of staking anything on Roosevelt's presumed responsibility for Pearl Harbor; instead either might have made much of the Japanese attack as a divinely sanctioned, well-deserved piece of good American luck which unified the nation and gave a ready-made "moral justification."

THE POINT IS not that Wilson should have imitated Swift or Shaw. I am merely regretting the confusion of impulses and of tone in the Introduction, because this confusion prevents the Introduction from working as clearly as it might as an emphasizing backdrop for the great themes of the book—the relation between myth and reality in history, and the anguishing problem of man's responsibility vis-à-vis the blank forces of history. After the chilling picture in the Introduction of history as voracity against voracity, Wilson says: "I am not here making a moral criticism of the course of our foreign policy: I am trying to disregard the pretensions to moral superiority with which we have attempted to clothe it; I am trying—as in the book that follows—to remove the whole subject from the plane of morality. . . ." But this is not what, even in the Introduction, Wilson is doing. The Introduction itself is shot through with indignation. There is the indignation at the fact that moral rationalizations have worked toward self-deception, and have been used to deceive—and this indignation is, in itself, a moral judgment. There is also indignation at particular acts and particular policies. The Mexican War is, for example, morally heinous—a notion returned to and emphasized in discussing Grant, who said that, though he fought in the war, he had a "horror" of it. The dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima is morally heinous. Or the scientific research directed toward bacteriological warfare. We cannot miss the accent of moral indignation.

Furthermore, in the body of the book, what we find is not a removing of "the whole subject from the plane of morality," but a fascinating and carefully composed set of juxtaposed contrasts among interpretations, most often morally charged interpretations. It might be argued that such an array would, by its very diversity, imply a mere canceling out—would dramatize the basis for a total skepticism. Furthermore, in the careful composition of the book, the last portrait is of Justice Holmes, to whom the Civil War had given a contempt for "the tone that I became familiar with in my youth among the abolitionists," and who held that might makes "rights," and that "every society rests on the death of men." The fact of the placing of Holmes at the end would seem to give him a summarizing position; and it is true that in the amoral world of Holmes's theorizing we return to the combat of voracities first met in the picture of the sea slugs in the Introduction.

The Introduction and the portrait of the disillusioned Holmes do, in fact, bracket the book—do serve as a structural device. But what lies between the brackets? We find, indeed, other shadings of this "realism"—for example, the manic ruthlessness of Sherman. But the deepest impression we carry away from the body of the book is of individuals caught in a collision of blind forces—or rather, of forces they understand imperfectly or not at all—and trying desperately and devotedly to make "moral" sense of their experience. This pathos, set against the backdrop of the Introduction, is what moves us.

The pathos is present even in the story of Lincoln, who seems so nearly to conform, we might say, to Hegel's picture of the Hero, the man who draws his vocation, as Hegel says, from "a concealed fount," from an "inner Spirit still hidden beneath the surface. . . ." The Lincoln presented by Wilson appears as a man of unsleeping ambition, of cold, uncolored perceptions and analytical

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mind, of powerful though slow feelings, of "style and imagination as well as of moral authority, of cogent argument and obstinate will." Lincoln, sensing the deep logic of the moment, perfected the mystique of the Union (Alexander Stephens said that the Union had for Lincoln "the sublimity of a religious mysticism"), and promulgated a certain moral view of the national destiny; and these he imposed (*imposed,* because Wilson holds that without Lincoln they would have been far from inevitable) on the nation and on posterity—though posterity has all too often taken the mystique to be merely a guarantee of easy victories, TV dinners, and bonded bourbon in every "living area," and three cars in every "carport," and has read the moral view of destiny as something quite different from the deep, magnanimous attitude that Lincoln, chastened by personal suffering and what Holmes called the "butcher's bill" of war, developed from his originally more simple and partisan notion. Lincoln perfected the myth, and predicted his own role in it, even by the ominous dreams and hallucinations which presaged, in a fashion dramatically appropriate to the event, his own martyrdom—a martyrdom which Henry James described as the "perfection of a classic woe," and which we may say, as a sort of aside, belongs by necessity to the role of the Hegelian Hero.

BUT THE DEEPEST pathos in Lincoln's story does not lie in the martyrdom thought of in terms of Hegelian necessity, or even in what Wilson describes as a sort of expiation: ". . . it was morally and dramatically inevitable that this prophet who had crushed opposition and sent thousands of men to their deaths should finally attest his good faith by laying down his own life with theirs." Though Wilson thus describes the expiation, the pathos he finally feels in the story lies in the ironic fact that Lincoln, who saw so clearly into the historical moment, did not see to the depth. He did not see that the war was bringing forth not only the Union sanctified by blood, but also Gould and Cook and Brady and the Credit Mobilier and the Homestead blood and the Haymarket riot. It was bringing forth a world which Hawthorne (whom Wilson by-passes) saw, with dismay, emerging in the bar of Willard's Hotel, in Washington, in 1862, a race of slick-faced fixers talking of discounts and drinking strange drinks called "cocktails," and not the "horn of bourbon" which a few white-haired relics were still anachronistically ordering for their thirst. Behind the new, slick-faced race lay the uncoiling powers of technology and finance capitalism, the new world of Big Organization, which Lincoln understood not at all, not even dimly sensed, a world by whose tough-minded exponents he, had he survived Booth's bullet, would almost certainly have been impeached.

The pathos of Lincoln's role deeply engages Wilson's imagination—the pathos of the contrast between his dream and the emerging reality. In fact, one of the themes of the book is just this contrast between the various forms of myth and reality. Wilson is unsparing and witty in his treatment of the pretensions of the Southern myth, but because the South lost the war, that myth is, ultimately, a subject for comedy.* But the North won, and so Wilson, like Henry and Brooks and Charles Francis Adams, Henry and William James, and James Russell Lowell, finds a savage irony, not comedy, as he surveys the Gilded Age, and after: ". . . with its miseries of an industrial life that was reducing white factory workers to the slavery which George Fitzhugh [the rabid Southern apologist who wrote *Sociology for the South* and *Cannibals All*] had predicted, with its millionaires as arrogant and brutal as any Carolina planters, with the violent clashes between them as bloody as Nat Turner's rebellion or John Brown's raid upon Kansas,

* Except when it, or some representative of it, is used as a stick to beat the dog of Northern reality. I am thinking of the ironical use of the Confederate made by certain Northern writers, with the irony directed at what the North had become—Melville in *Clarel,* Henry Adams in *Democracy,* and Henry James in *The Bostonians.* (This, by the way, is a subject which C. Vann Woodward has handsomely explored in an essay.) The use of the Confederate by Melville, James, and Adams is similar to the use Wilson makes of the old Alexander H. Stephens sitting for ten years in the Congress of the Gilded Age, an invalid in a wheel-chair, "enrolled," as a reporter described him, "in countless thicknesses of flannel and broadcloth wrappings," with a "thin, pale, sad little face" peering out with eyes that seemed to "burn and blaze," the image, as Wilson puts it, of "pure principle, abstract, incandescent, indestructible."

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with its wars in Cuba and Europe. . . ."

This is the world of the great power state which Melville,* though a patriotic Unionist (and devoted emancipationist), had predicted in "The Conflict of Convictions":

Power unannointed may come—
Dominion (unsought by the free)
And the Iron Dome,
Stronger for stress and strain,
Fling her huge shadow athwart the main;
But the Founders' dream shall flee.

This is the world in which few of the "really gifted men" escaped being maimed or perverted or subjected to "slow strangulation" by its gross values or by its sentimental tastes, and by their own automatically violent reaction to such values and tastes—George W. Cable, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, John W. De Forest, Albion W. Tourgée. Holmes, Wilson says, "stands alone as one who was never corrupted, never discouraged or broken," and he survived partly by aristocratic contempt for the world and by the code of the gentleman, partly by the rigorously intellectual height of his ambition, and partly by his professional devotion, which worked as a sustaining morality, the code of what, ironically, he called the "jobbist."† Holmes survived into the uncomprehending reverence of our own time as the "last Roman."

And this brings us to an important aspect of *Patriotic Gore*. What touches Wilson's heart most deeply is some courageous manifestation of the old virtues. Holmes is not the only one he comments on. There is Lee, after defeat in a war he had never believed in, going about his daily duty in little Washington College; there is Grant, disgraced in the new world he had never understood, dying of cancer but hanging on to write his book; there is Alexander Stephens, propped in his wheel-chair, swathed in wrappings like a mummy, in the midst of a Gilded Age Congress; there is Sherman in the late years, as contemptuous as Coriolanus of politics and politicians, with his definition of fame: "to be killed on the field of battle and have our names spelled wrong in the newspapers."

Such men are not presented as appearing automatically and full-blown from the seeds of Time. In every case, Wilson has, with shrewd and economical strokes, indicated the depth of personal struggle which could lead to such fortitude, such moral certainty, such self-control. The main point here is that in our world where "other-directedness" rules and where even protest has its own clubbiness, its own version of promotional and public-relations mentality, and its own little sects and cells of "right-thinkingness" as ungenerous as a village sewing-circle at the gossip hour and as deficient in curiosity about ideas as the annual meeting of the Association of Hard-Shell Baptists—the main point is that Wilson finds an ultimate value in the mere fact of unawed character, in the "rare survival of the type of republican Roman." And in an age when signing on the dotted line is the sure guarantee of salvation, Wilson finds this value "irrespective of what he [the Roman] stands for."

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* Wilson dismisses Melville's *Battle Pieces* as "versified journalism," "empty." Whatever the defects of *Battle Pieces*, it is not empty; and its content would seem very close to some of Wilson's own attitudes. Melville, despite his convictions, is unwilling to gloss over the difficulties, philosophical and emotional, of the situation, or the problem of historical costs. For instance, in the same poem from which I have quoted above, he says that if the war comes "the gulf" will its "slimed foundations bare"; and that the wind of history "spins against the way it drives." In "The House-Top," Melville presents the bloody Draft Riots of July 1863 and their bloody suppression, with, by the way, a reference to Calvin which Wilson, in his preoccupation with Calvinism, might have found interesting:

Wise Draco comes, deep in the midnight roll
Of black artillery; he comes, though late;
In code corroborating Calvin's creed
And cynic tyrannies of honest kings;
He comes, nor parlies; and the Town, redeemed,
Gives thanks devout; nor being thankful, heeds
The grimy slur on the Republic's faith implied,
Which holds that Man is naturally good,
And—more—is Nature's Roman, never to be scourged.

"On the Slain Collegians" gives us the pathos of the entrapment in history:

Warred one for Right, and one for Wrong?
So put it; but they both were young—
Each grape to his cluster clung

And in the prose "Supplement," we find passages worthy to be put by the "Second Inaugural."

† Holmes's notion of salvation, however minimal, by devotion to the job in the midst of a world drained of higher sanctions is similar to the key ethical view of Conrad, to the stoicism of Housman, to the "code" in the world of Hemingway. In addition, with a somewhat different emphasis, we might mention Henry James and Stevenson. All of this is but one manifestation of a very general situation.

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IT IS THIS feeling that leads Wilson, after considering the intransigent "idealism" of the "impossibilist" Alexander Stephens, to write: "There is in most of us an unreconstructed Southerner who will not accept domination as well as a benevolent despot who wants to mould others for their own good, and to assemble them in such a way as to produce a comprehensive unit which will satisfy our own ambition by realizing some vision of our own; and the conflict between these two tendencies—which on a larger scale gave rise to the Civil War—may also break the harmony of families and cause a fissure in the individual."

Wilson, of course, uses that "unreconstructed Southerner," who, he says, lurks somewhere in most of us, as a metaphor for the independence of character he admires. But a Southerner, while appreciating the compliment, might wish that, in some of its dimensions, the metaphor had better grounding. It is painful for a Southerner to think of Governor Faubus as an exemplar of that independence and to contemplate the near bankruptcy of leadership on the question of race in the South, a bankruptcy which signifies a lack of character as much as anything else. For the "Silent South"—as George W. Cable long ago called that stripe of opinion which looked forward to a reasonable and just handling of the race question—is as often silent out of calculation and cowardice as out of any sense of clan solidarity or manly resentment at coercion. Furthermore, Wilson's praise of the resistance to domination which he attributes to the Southerner was historically associated, in the apologetics of slavery, with the attitude of the "benevolent despot who wants to mould others [i.e. slaves, and sometimes even the citizens of the rest of the country] for their own good."

Wilson, of course, understands the limits of his metaphor. He knows the unrelenting pressure on opinion in the Old South, and remarks on the "mental and moral confusion" to which thinkers of the South were reduced when they tried to deal rationally with the questions of slavery and race. And no doubt he knows that in the generous way he uses the term, very few Southerners remain "unreconstructed"; they, too, live in the TV culture, and are as "other-directed" and as sensitive to the need for belongingness as any liberal gray-flannel-suiter, with *Dissent* and the *Nation* in his attaché case, who rides the commuter train out of New Rochelle, N. Y. Simply, as Wilson knows, the appropriate pressures are changed by latitude; and Wilson uses his term "unreconstructed Southerner" as, simply, one of his devices of shock.

WILSON ADMIRES HIS Romans, but there is a remarkable range of sympathy and understanding for those others who never achieved the Roman virtues. He deals tenderly with even the rather hard-to-take Calvin Stowe (Harriet Beecher's husband) and generously with the often maudlin Sidney Lanier. He understands the motivations of Sut Lovingood even as he takes a sideswipe at the academic attempts to whitewash his "murderous clowning"; and Wilson has some appreciation of the humor in Sut (though not as much as I have, especially the humor in some of the language) and how this relates to the old social order, the same social order that was capable of producing a Lanier.

There are, throughout the book, quite wonderful flashes that, unpretentiously but adroitly, present the inwardness of men and moments—Hinton Helper's suicide in the dreary rooming house; the glimpse through an open door of Mr. Chestnut, the ninety-year-old planter, blind and defeated in his looted mansion, kneeling beside the bed once occupied by his dead wife; Richard Taylor's glimpse into the eyes of Stonewall Jackson, where, before Jackson turned in the next instant to prayer, he saw "an ambition boundless as Cromwell's, and as merciless"; the old Sherman leaping from his chair and flinging aside *Great Expectations* when they call him to the bedside of his dying wife, from whom he has been long estranged, and rushing up the stairs, crying: "Wait for me, Ellen: No one ever loved you as I love you!"

The note of irony that runs through the book is always subdued to an understanding of the human predicament. For instance, when Wilson winds up his account of the touching diary of Charlotte Forten, the Negro girl from Philadelphia who went to the Carolina Islands to teach and there became timorously the friend of the great Colonel Higginson and Dr. Seth Rogers, and dreamed, even more timorously, of a

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nearer relation with a certain Mr. Thorpe,* Wilson writes:

> This had all been a beautiful experience for Charlotte Forten and Colonel Higginson and Dr. Seth Rogers—those days when the Negro's deliverers and a cultivated Negro woman who wanted to work for the advancement of her race were meeting in a common mission on the plantation of the vanished enslaver, when they rode through the pines in the moonlight and sang their patriotic songs. But the moment was soon to pass, and the contact was not to last long. Colonel Higginson and Dr. Rogers were to leave the delightful South [Higginson was to write of "the voluptuous charm of the season and the place"] and go back home to their Massachusetts and Charlotte Forten to the Philadelphia which could hardly be called hers; and thereafter, one imagines, they ceased to meet.

Only when Wilson deals with historical situations rather than persons does his irony lose its coolness. No, there are a few exceptions. When he treats us to an *explication de texte* of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," with an implied *explication* of the author, he has some not wholly innocent fun. Elsewhere, we are shown Thomas Nelson Page putting old animosities to sleep "with the chloroform of magazine prose," and there is the baleful glee, scarcely restrained, in the associated picture of Higginson, "who had subsidized John Brown, served as colonel of a Negro regiment and been present at the burning of Jacksonville . . . weeping over Page's *Marse Chan*"—the Higginson who had, in fact, put a white tea-rose in his buttonhole after setting fire to the town. And for a last example of those exceptions we find that when Wilson turns to the Lincoln steeped in the embalming fluid of Carl Sandburg's oleaginous prose, he allows himself the luxury of his own brand of "murderous clowning."

THE RANGE OF Wilson's imaginative sympathy and the variety of figures on which it is turned mean that *Patriotic Gore* achieves something unique. Better than any book I know it gives a sense of the dynamic interrelation of persons and ideas involved, of comparisons and contrasts. George Fitzhugh, ironically enough, provides Lincoln with his telling notion of "a house divided." From an uncle of Ambrose Bierce, John Brown gets the cutlasses used in his Kansas massacre. Grant and Mosby, after the War, become friends. Holmes gives his opinion, not too flattering, of Lincoln; and William and Henry James give theirs, again not too flattering, of Holmes. Cable anticipates Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom.* Stonewall Jackson and John Brown appear, in their dealings with the Almighty, as swatches off the same bolt of old American goods—as in certain aspects of personality Hinton Helper and John Brown might well have appeared, in their groping, home-made intellectual efforts, in their angry egotism, ambition, and paranoia, in their shady financial dealings, in their need for a cause. Garth James, the younger, soldier brother of William and Henry, explains God's Great Plan in arranging the assassination of Lincoln. And as a kind of over-all binder for those more incidental interrelations, we find the notion of the fatal attraction and mutual need of the North and the South, a notion presented in the conceit of Grant as Ahab to Lee's White Whale, in the treatment of Melville's "The Scout Toward Aldie," and in Julian Green's play "Sud," which, with its morbid homosexual treatment, more resembles the Paris of Gide, as Wilson says, than the battlefields of 1861–65. All of these interrelations give a remarkable sense of the density of the world Wilson is writing about; and, as he quite well knows, a sense of the intricate texture of roles and dooms in a single drama.

For *Patriotic Gore* is to be taken as a unit,

* "I rode Mr. Thorpe's horse, a splendid, swift, high spirited creature. Could hardly hold him. But enjoyed the ride exceedingly. I like Mr. Thorpe. Report says that he more than likes me. But I *know* it's not so. Have never had the least reason to think it. Although he is very good and liberal, he is still an *American,* and would, of course, never be so insane as to love one of the proscribed race. The rumor—like many others—is entirely absurd and without the shadow of a foundation. How strange it seemed riding tonight through the woods—often in such perfect darkness we could see nothing—how strange and wild! I liked it." This is what she confided to the diary, to come to light, with publication, in 1953. She had reason for her little ironies. She had not been able to attend the white schools in her native Philadelphia; she was tutored at home and then sent to Salem, Massachusetts, where she attended the white school and was an academic star, but was cut on the street by white girls who had been friendly in class.

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not as a collection of pieces more or less referring to a common background, or as a protracted *causerie* on our history, or as a series of psychological *aperçus*. Not that the book has the documentary unity of a literary history (as it will be taken by some to be, and be criticized for not being); or the narrative unity of ordinary history (ditto). There is, rather, the unity of recurring themes, those of myth and reality, of the struggle for moral meaning in the midst of the blankness or complication of event. Less important is Wilson's recurrent use of Calvinism as an explanation, a use that will, no doubt, evoke some criticism. The effect of the War on ways of thinking and on prose style is, too, a recurrent concern, one that provides some of Wilson's best pages. All of these themes and concerns appear, as we have said, in a very subtly composed montage of character and event; and in these terms the unity of the work is unmistakable and compelling. But undergirding and emphasizing this unity is the unity imposed by the personality of Wilson.

We find Wilson present here as we find a novelist in his work—in style, in tone, in a pervasive sense of involvement in the issues implied by action. And this is true of the issues in the world Wilson has here penetrated imaginatively into. His own involvement is, as it were, testified to by the fact that, like a novelist, he never wants the issues to appear as abstractions; he wants them to appear in experience, with all the density, paradoxicality, and ambiguity of felt life.

Certainly the issues he presents are not soluble in any tidy fashion—or history would be tidy. Wilson is, for instance, aware of the massive pressure of events, and yet he cannot subscribe to that view (which even many non-Marxists take when it suits their convenience) by "which 'history' has become the object of a semi-religious cult." No, the painful, twin stories of contingency and of human responsibility remain the central story, and for Wilson the great "if's" of history, in both those dimensions, remain tragically tantalizing. Wilson is at once fascinated and repelled by that dark crossroads in the human soul where ambition and a sense of destiny, sometimes so nobly and so destructively, meet.

Wilson, at moments at least, posits some norm of reason, decency, and self-awareness that would be different from the crazy vanities and dark compulsions that are so often the fuel in the engine of history. For instance, he says that the writings of Fitzhugh "were pernicious in very much the same way—though on the opposite side—as the activities of John Brown"; that is, both Fitzhugh and Brown worked against any attempt to use reason. Or about the assassination of Lincoln: "there had died with him any possibility of a clear and decent policy toward the South."*

* Wilson even speculates that in revulsion from the general confusion and squalor of the period, the young Holmes began his habit of not reading the newspapers, "of dissociating himself from current events." As for "a clear and decent policy toward the South," Wilson, in passing, indicates two things: a gradual extension of the franchise to the freedmen, and an attempt to involve the old planter class, as the only considerable group with education and training, more responsibly in government. Perhaps both things have merit, but in the limits of my ignorance I do not see that they would have achieved much. Something more fundamental was needed. For instance, there should have been some attempt to give a solid economic base to emancipation—a policy not confused with a punitive expropriation of land (which is not to say that redistribution of land might not have been in order). But what of some ambitious project involving the vast resources in public land? What of some systematic program of absorbing a certain number of freedmen into Northern industry, etc.? What of a thousand things? But that is all dreaming. As long as there was no self-reconstruction in the almost solidly racist and segregationist North, the South would take any attempt to give the Negro political and economic independence *in the South* as merely the combination of a punitive measure and a device for insuring the dominance of the Republican party. In the face of the general situation, North and South, no matter how intelligently and responsibly the freedmen exercised their new political role in the South, they were doomed; and the doom was, of course, sealed when the Republicans sold them out in the Big Deal of 1876. The real trouble in the Reconstruction was a marvellous confusion and intertwining of power-grab, "reconstruction," and vengeance. The question was not one of "toughness": a much tougher line than that actually pursued might have done more good to all if it had avoided confusion, had been more consistent and comprehensible. But history is irreversible, and we are still picking up the pieces. And one of the reasons Southerners, for their part, don't get more of the pieces picked up is their comforting bemusement with Yankee disingenuousness and self-righteousness. For in the bemusement, the Southerner feels absolved from any need to look at the problem straight.

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WILSON IS perfectly clear in his attitude toward slavery, the mania of Southern jingoism, and the sophistries of Southern apologetics, but he is appalled by the way the crusade against slavery worked out. He would agree, it seems, with William James, speaking in 1897, at the dedication of the momument in Boston to the high-minded and gallant young Robert Gould Shaw, killed at Fort Wagner in 1863 at the head of the 54th Massachusetts, the Negro regiment: "The Almighty cannot love such long-postponed accounts, or such tremendous settlements. And surely He hates all settlements that do such quantities of devils' work." We may say, in fact, that Wilson, despite his "having read a certain amount of history," does not primarily have the concerns of a historian, any more than he has those of a politician. He is a moralist—a rather peculiar moralist steeped in psychological awareness—looking at historical and political process and seeing a good deal of "devils' work."

But Wilson knows that somebody has to do the work of the world. And he knows, as well as Conrad's Marlow lolling on the deck of the little yacht anchored in the mouth of the Thames, in the dusk, in the early pages of *The Heart of Darkness,* that somebody has to pay the bill for the work of the world. He knows, that is, that a great part of the work of the world is done in terms of self-interest, even brutal self-interest. He knows, too, that in the strange paradoxicality of things, a great part is still done in terms of ideas, ideals, and that this always entails great risks, one of the greatest being that of being caught out, in the light of history, as hypocritical or ridiculous. He knows, and admits, that myths, with all the risks entailed, are necessary. Wilson is, nevertheless, asking what is the *necessary* relation between action and myth? If, as Wilson says, "the real causes of war still remain out of range of our rational thought," is this any reason for us to accept the myths which war inevitably generates and which always "turn the conflict into melodrama"?

The task this book proposes to itself, and to us, is the liquidation of guff—of the self-righteousness and self-deception resulting from the easy fusion of self-interest (or self-justification) and ideals. That, of course, is a rather forlorn hope, for we all, as individuals and as a society, have an enormous vested interest in one kind of guff or another. Gentle reader, if you do not think so, kindly address yourself to the first five, or fifteen, works on American history drawn at random from the nearest shelf—or read any five, or fifteen, reviews of this book. And I suppose that Wilson would be the first to admit that anti-guffism carries the danger of its own kind of guff.

But what is guff? Does Wilson mean that any attempt to attach moral importance to history is guff? I do not read *Patriotic Gore* in that light. When Wilson says that he wishes "to remove the whole subject from the plane of morality," I take it that he merely proposes to set it on a plane where what little we know of history, anthropology, and psychology—and what little talent we have for self-scrutiny—may be drawn on to criticize our myths and, even, to enrich them. And this, it should be emphasized, is not merely a dwelling on the past: it is a way of preparing for the future.

Meanwhile, we must realize that *Patriotic Gore,* in an important dimension, is a work of art, an essentially dramatic work in which experience, imaginatively conceived, imposes itself on us—as presumably it did on the author. And what Wilson gives in these portraits and narratives, and in the peculiar complexity of his own involvement is, willy-nilly, powerful evidence of man's need for "moral" meaning. We find here, rendered with style, psychological subtlety, and a sense of the tragic depth of life, images of men and women struggling valiantly for meaning in their experience, and sometimes even achieving that moment of grace which makes "moral" meaning more than an illicit gratification of our secret needs and desires. *Patriotic Gore* does not say that history makes sense. But it clearly says that men must, in the end, try to make sense of history. The book is a moving record of that effort.

Novelist, poet, and critic, ROBERT PENN WARREN *is also the author of a book on* The Legacy of the Civil War. *This is his first contribution to* COMMENTARY.

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Jewish Resistance

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his review of Raul Hilberg's book *The Destruction of the European Jews* ["Nazi Bureaucrats and Jewish Leaders," April 1962], Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper leans heavily on Hilberg's thesis that "for two thousand years . . . the Jews had been unlearning the habit of resistance. . . . For two thousand years they had believed that by yielding and compromise they would survive the spasmodic pogroms and expulsions which were their fate. Their habits, their institutions, their responses were conditioned by that belief."

. . . In the two-thousand-year period of Diaspora history, Jews offered physical resistance (often armed) when attacked by Christians or Moslems, so many times that the notion of appeasement and docility as a typically Jewish response to non-Jews has no universal validity. But a historian must note that the attitudes of Jews in modern national states was quite radically different from that of Jews in medieval Europe.

Trevor-Roper is right when he says that the Warsaw Ghetto uprising took place after a revolution inside the Jewish community, when power passed from the *Judenrat* to the Jewish Fighter Organization. But this had been made possible by a revolution which had occurred more than a half-century before, when rationalism and Enlightenment in the guise of modern social and national movements radically transformed East European Jews, their outlook on political and civic equality, and the ways to attain and protect it. Jewish traditional values gave way before the concepts of the French Revolution—the dignity of man and the value of the individual. Jews became part of the modern world and began to apply its methods. So, with the outbreak of the Russian pogroms in 1881, the Jews in Odessa were among the first to form self-defense groups, drawing upon an even earlier tradition of self-defense that went back to 1648–49 when the Cossacks revolted against the Polish nobility and pogromized the Jews. Suppressed by the Czarist government, the self-defense groups had little success against the pogromists who outnumbered them. But by 1903, in the wake of the Kishinev pogrom, self-defense became general Jewish policy; self-defense groups were organized by the Jewish Labor Bund and the Poale Zion —mostly young working people who realized that the Jews could not count upon the Czarist government and its institutions to protect them. Self-defense units sprang up in Bialystok, Chudnow, Kertch, Odessa, and Zhitomir. During the Russian civil war and the pogroms in the Ukraine in 1919–1922, Jewish self-defense groups were active in many places.

By the second half of the 19th century, the Jews in Eastern and Central Europe were not, if they had been before, a socially homogeneous group with a single political outlook. Considerable socio-economic differentiation and a corresponding divergence in thinking and ideology had developed with the spread of industrialization, urbanization, and proletarianization of Jews. Jewish leaders speaking on behalf of one ideology could no longer expect the support of all Jews. Official Jewish leadership and its policy of appeasement toward the Russian Czarist government were criticized and opposed by the socialist and radical parties. The established order of conservative rabbis and philanthropists then began to lose a good deal of influence in the Jewish community.

Submission and execution of Nazi programs against their will were the policies used by the *Judenräte*. They generally consisted of former members of the *kehilla,* some of whom had been sought out and coopted by the Nazis. These *kehilla* representatives had a long tradition of obedience to and compliance with government authority and a respect for legality and legalism. Yet the Nazis had to remove or murder even many of these because they were interfering with the execution of Nazi plans. (In Lodz, all but five members of the first *Judenrat* were deported and later died; in Belchatow the Nazis changed the composition of the *Judenrat* five times, arrested its members, and accused them of fomenting rebellion against the German authorities; in Lwow, the first chairman of the *Judenrat* was shot for failing to provide the Germans with the

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number of Jewish workers they demanded; in Kovno the *Judenrat* and leaders of the Jewish police cooperated in sending Jewish young people out to join the partisans in the woods.) In some places the *Judenräte* or their individual members cooperated with the underground resistance groups (in Baranowicze, Pruzany, Nieswiez, Kovno, and Bialystok).

Large numbers of Jews in Poland, Lithuania, and White Russia, particularly the young people who were brought up in the Socialist (Bundist) and Socalist-Zionist youth organizations, did not go along with the policy of compliance and appeasement, but, under the most inhuman conditions, created underground organizations to resist the Nazis.

Trevor-Roper's statement is not true that the resistance of the Warsaw Ghetto was a "heroic exception." Jewish uprisings against the Nazis took place in Bialystok on August 16, 1943, where the Nazis had to use regular army forces to suppress the resistance; in two death camps, Treblinka on August 2, 1943, and Sobibor, October 14, 1943, where some SS men were killed and hundreds of prisoners escaped, some of them to the partisans fighting in the woods.

Jewish resistance to the Nazis was more widespread than generally supposed, especially in eastern Poland, Lithuania, and White Russia, where the proximity of dense forests to conceal partisans made possible escape, rescue, and opposition.

Planned or spontaneous uprisings against the Nazis took place in more than twenty ghettos, before or during the deportations and mass killings; in some of these uprisings the Jews also set fire to the ghettos (Tuczyn, Glubokie, Lida, Nieswiez, Kleck, Lachwa, Braslaw, Kobryn, Mir). In some camps in White Russia (Swerzen Nowy, Koldyczewo, Baranowicze, Nowogrodek), organized uprisings enabled hundreds of prisoners to escape to the woods. Thousands and thousands of Jews took part in the partisan movement, organized in their own groups and as part of the general partisan movement, mostly Soviet. Jewish participation in the partisan movement was not individual or sporadic, but was closely related to the life and death of the ghettos. The effect of the Jewish partisans was felt by the Germans themselves; Hilberg himself cites German documents to this effect, and there are many more he could have cited.

In characterizing the Jewish response to the Nazis, we ought to compare the response of other peoples to Nazi persecution.

In the region of Zamosc (district of Lublin), between November 1941 and August 1943, the Nazis expelled 110,000 peasants, nearly one-third of the population. Families were separated; children suitable for "Germanization" were taken away from their parents; the old, the sick, and the remaining children under fourteen were deported to Auschwitz. Except for a few desperate individuals, there is no record of resistance. Nor did we hear of resistance by the half million Poles from the western part of Poland which was incorporated into Germany. They were "resettled" during the bitter winter of 1939–1940, in unheated freight cars, without food or water, to some uncertain future in the general government. Did the 14,000 Slovenes resist, when they were deported in the fall of 1941 to make room for German colonists? Did the tens of thousands of Gypsies resist? Or the Czechs of Lidice? There were no uprisings in the concentration camps where millions of all European nationalities languished—Buchenwald, Dachau, Auschwitz; the only revolt was that of the Jewish Sonderkommando in Birkenau on October 7, 1944.

The differences between a military occupying power and a civilian population must be considered, regardless of the numbers involved. Civilians, Jews or non-Jews, were scarcely in a position to offer any significant resistance to one of the greatest war-machines in modern history.

The German application of collective responsibility was another factor in stifling the idea of resistance.

I have deliberately omitted discussing the objective possibilities of resistance among the Jews in the ghettos and camps: the scarcity or total absence of arms, the generally hostile attitude of the Christian milieu, their complete lack of contact with the outside world. But obviously these conditions had their effect in paralyzing resistance. One need only compare the possibilities for resistance that Jews in the ghettos had with those available to non-Jewish resistance movements in the occupied countries to see this question in its proper perspective.

Finally, the Jews in the ghettos, believing in a world of order, could not accept the idea that a state—even a Nazi state—would make the extermination of the Jews a political goal of the first magnitude, while the whole world stood by. That is one reason why they did not believe the dreadful truth until too late, when they stood at the threshold of the gas chambers or at the pits of mass graves. Perhaps, before death, the victims

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may have even thought it purposeless to resist in order to survive in a world so bestial; by not resisting they may have shown contempt for the world they were leaving, not docility or compliance.

As for collaboration by the Nazi-organized *Judenräte,* that was not particularly a Jewish phenomenon. Collaboration was widespread in all countries under German occupation. Were the Vichy police, the Polish police, the Quislings any different from the *Judenräte*? They, too, helped deliver thousands of their own people into the hands of the Gestapo. Actually, the comparison between the Jewish collaborationists and the non-Jewish ones underscores the significant difference: most non-Jews collaborated voluntarily while Jews were forced into collaboration.

Finally, I do not believe that one can interpret the lack of resistance, or its inadequacy, or its brevity as a specifically Jewish phenomenon, conditioned by 2,000 years of Jewish compliance and passivity. Jewish behavior was characteristic of the behavior of the civilian population in all occupied countries; it was the result of a deliberate policy carried out by the Nazis—and which they achieved with considerable success—to paralyze the will of the subjugated people to resist.

I. TRUNK
Yivo Institute for Jewish Research
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

No one, it seems to me, can dispute the incontrovertible evidence that the work of destroying six million Jews "went on with the unavowed complicity of the whole [German] nation." One must, however, challenge the central thesis propounded by Mr. Trevor-Roper in his review of Raul Hilberg's book, *The Destruction of the European Jews* . . . that there have been two Jewries: the Jewry of Israel which heroically resists its enemies and the Jewry of the Dispersion, whose mentality is compliance and who therefore went like sheep to the slaughter, so that even the unparalleled resistance of the Warsaw Ghetto "was the exception which proves the rule. . . ."

Permit me to point out that both of these generalizations . . . are untrue and are based on selected evidence, on half-truths, and on a simplification of a very complex phenomenon, which has no analogy in world history. One is baffled when a scholar of Trevor-Roper's caliber accepts as dogma the unsubstantiated thesis that the Jews offered no resistance on the testimony of the criminal Nazis and (*lehavdil*) . . . of some Sabras. Is Israeli youth better qualified to testify on past and present Jewish history than the historians Simon Dubnow, Philip Friedman, Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum, and many survivors of the catastrophe?

Let me cite some significant evidence that was overlooked by Mr. Trevor-Roper. Jews *did* rise up, during the nineteen hundred years of dispersion, many times, against their oppressors. Under the Emperor Trajan, there took place a Jewish uprising in the Diaspora that lasted for two years—from 115 to 117 A.D. (See Simon Dubnow, *Weltgeschichte des Jüdischen Volkes,* Vol. 3, pp. 30, 50): similarly in Alexandria, in Babylonia, in Arabia (in 628 A.D.), in Germany (during the first Crusade), in Spain (Valencia 1391), in Poland (at the time of Chmelnitzky and later in 1768), against Gontha—Jews fought heroically with weapons in their hands. (See Dubnow, Vol. 5, pp. 120, 175, and 261; and Vol. 7, pp. 34, 102, and 164.)

In the 19th century, in Czarist Russia, the Jews established after the massacres of 1881–1882, a Self-Defense Organization, which produced many fighters. Jewish participation in the underground revolutionary movement in Czarist Russia was widely recognized as a significant contribution to the cause of freedom. Can all of these manifestations of Jewish heroism in the Diaspora be designated as docility?

In regard to the latest period—1939–1945—one must consider the special situation of the Jews in the ghettos and the unsurmountable handicaps which prevented mass revolts. There was no favorable strategic base, since the Jews in Eastern and Central Europe were herded by the Nazis into hermetically sealed ghettos, where their every move could be controlled and which they were prohibited to leave on pain of death. Weapons and explosives had to be smuggled into the ghettos, slipped in through heavily guarded ghetto gates, brought in through sewers, and by other ingenious devices. Many of the Jewish underground fighting groups tried, at a later period, to escape from the ghettos into the woods and mountains, but, in many cases, they were caught and executed. The Jewish underground was also faced with a serious moral issue: were they justified in leaving the ghetto population to face the enemy alone, or did they have to stay on and take the lead in the fight when the crucial moment arrived. An additional disadvantage

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was that the Gentile population in Eastern Europe did not identify itself with the Jewish resistance movement and had often a hostile attitude to it. The amount of weapons available to the Jewish underground often came too late or in ridiculously small quantities. In Bialystok and Vilna the Jewish requests for weapons were refused outright.

But, in spite of all these and many more obstacles, there were armed uprisings and various individual and collective acts of armed resistance: Warsaw was not the exception that proves the rule, but rather the symbol of Jewish rebellion. Before and after the Warsaw uprising, there were revolts in Czestochowa, Bialystok, Bedzin, Vilna, Cracow, in Treblinka, in Sobibor, Slonim, Nieswiez, Kleck, Nowogrodek, Mir, Minsk Mazowiecki, and many more. (See Philip Friedman, *Jewish Resistance to Nazism in European Resistance Movements, 1939–1945;* Y. Zuckerman, *Sefer Milhamot Haghettoat;* Joseph Tenenbaum, *Underground: The Story of a People.*)

It is possibly annoying to historians that they cannot fit the Jewish historical experience into a general pattern, but it behooves a scholar of Trevor-Roper's subtlety of mind to remember his own wise utterance . . . : error in the intellectual world has a fertilizing effect in that it obliges scholars to search for new and more precise answers to difficult questions.

SAUL L. GOODMAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Professor Trevor-Roper . . . is trying to perpetuate a myth which is both dangerous and untrue. Dr. Hilberg puts forward an unsupported hypothesis as one reason for the feeble resistance of Jews to Nazi extermination, namely, the supposedly "traditional [Jewish] reactions, the appeal and the tendency to flight" because the Jews in the Diaspora have "unlearned the art of revolt" since the time of Bar Kochba. . . .

It is regrettable that Professor Trevor-Roper should be influenced by myths spread by some propagandists for Zionist funds (that only in Israel can Jews fight) and accusations against Jewish leadership furthered by Communists for their own political reasons. The truth of the matter is that Jews fought against the Germans much more than in Warsaw and have fought in self-defense on many occasions throughout the centuries, and that other groups which were decimated and destroyed by the Nazis (and by Stalin) put up no more resistance than did the Jews.

There is enough historical evidence to show that Jews fought their adversaries in Asia, Europe (Crusades 1096), France (1146), Frankfort (1241), Spain (1320), etc., at the time of the Cossack uprising in southern Poland (1648–49), Posen (1688), and many others. At the time of the Russian pogroms (1881–1906) and later at the end of World War I when insecurity prevailed in many places in Eastern Europe, Jewish self-defense groups were defending Jewish houses and streets, and casualties were heavy in these encounters. And during the Nazi rule in Europe Jews revolted not only in Warsaw but also in Bialystok (there the head of the *Judenrat,* Barash, cooperated with the resistance). In Cracow a resistance group organized diversionist activities. In Tarnow, Bedzin, Czestochowa, and other places active resistance was offered when the ghettos were liquidated. Resistance was also met in the camps. In Treblinka a transport of Jews who refused to be led to the gas chambers fought the Germans with sticks. In August 1943 a rebellion broke out in Treblinka in the course of which a part of the camp was burned and a number of inmates escaped. In October of the same year there was a revolt in Sobibor. In 1943–44, revolts and acts of resistance occurred in a number of other camps—Lwow-Janowski, Chelmno, Poniatow, Trawniki, Auschwitz.

There were many cases of individual assaults on Germans as acts of defiance. . . . Jews also formed partisan groups of their own, mostly in Eastern Poland, or participated in the general partisan groups even though their situation was more precarious (mistrust of the non-Jewish partisans and greater danger of being recognized). And, according to Sartre, in France, for instance, "it was they [the Jews] who formed the principal cadres [of the Resistance] before the Communists went into action" [COMMENTARY, May 1948]. It is also untrue that the "*Judenräte* were the Jewish leaders." They were mostly "leaders" imposed upon the Jews by the Nazis.

Revolt, resistance, and self-defense must be viewed in terms of both the possibilities and hopes they afford. Jews were at a disadvantage on all counts; in most cases they could not rely on their neighbors, and they lacked arms. Their resistance was rather an act of despair than one motivated by hope.

The totalitarian machine developed techniques which obliterated all human hope and strength to resist. The non-Jewish pro-

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Soviet partisan groups in Eastern Europe were small and without much influence until commanders were sent in from Soviet Russia to give them meaning and direction. In the same Eastern European death camps in which Jews were exterminated, tens of thousands of non-Jews were also put to death (in Auschwitz itself there were many Poles, among them today's Prime Minister of Poland, Josef Cyrankiewicz) and nobody revolted. Hundreds of thousands of Russians were murdered by the Nazis (so-called "commissars" and leaders), and hundreds of thousands—or millions?—of Russian war prisoners were starved or worked to death and shot by the Nazis in camps, some of them in the occupied British Channel Islands.

And in the East, in Soviet Russia, millions of peasants, intellectuals, and other groups were shot or starved to death in Siberia. During the war and after, hundreds of thousands of "unreliables" including such national groups as the Kalmyks, considerable numbers of Poles, Latvians, Lithuanians, etc., were deported and mostly exterminated. Very little revolt occurred in Russia, though the ratio of prisoners to guards was roughly the same as that in Auschwitz and other German camps.

It may well be that Messrs. Hilberg and Trevor-Roper had no access to the source material relating these facts which is written in Arabic, Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish, and . . . in Russian (although some official German documents tell of "Jewish bandits" and "Jewish gangs"), but this does not make their hypothesis or assertions any truer. The latter cannot withstand the test of comparison with the source material.

BERNARD D. WEINRYB

Dropsie College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I wish to add two footnotes to Professor Trevor-Roper's brilliant but somewhat strange analysis of Jewish behavior under Nazi terror. . . .

To the very last minute neither Jews nor non-Jews imagined the full scope of Nazi terror and the horror of Nazi intent. Unarmed Jews did not offer any resistance; nor did the unarmed non-Jews, among whom there were many Communists and hard men of action, in the Nazi camps.

The unique survival of Jewry and of Judaism was not due to the *Götterdämmerung* heroism of fighters like Bar Kochba or the Zealots, but to Jokhanan ben Zakkai and the Diaspora. The second Jewish State perished as did the first. Those who did not wage a hopeless struggle against tremendous odds saved Jewry and Judaism. The Diaspora achieved in many movements and figures—in learned rabbis and Hasidic saints, in Maimonides and Spinoza, in Marx and Freud—creative moments equal to those of other peoples.

HANS KOHN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . During the 1905 revolution in Russia and during the Russian Civil War after 1918, the Jewish Self-Defense (Samooborona)—resistance to the perpetrators of pogroms—was very active in the Ukraine, White Russia, and Bessarabia. Illegal Jewish political groups, some of them of radical bent, participated in many revolutionary activities in Russia, Poland, Rumania, etc., fighting against oppressive powers and risking their lives. It is sufficient to read the literature of this period to realize how wrong it is to put the Jewish masses among the "meek lambs," which indeed they were not.

I do not deny the indisputable and gruesome fact of lack of Jewish resistance to Nazi extermination, but I would submit that in discussing resistance one must take into consideration the specific conditions created by a totalitarian society. The Nazis did not succeed in imposing a full totalitarianization on the French-Jewish resistance in France. The situation was, however, quite different in the ghettos and extermination camps, and millions of Jews perished there without the slightest chance of survival. By the way, the same situation existed in the case of tens of thousands of Russian prisoners of war in Nazi camps who were exterminated without any resistance. The Russians did not have behind them the "history of Diaspora" and the Jewish experiences of the last 2,000 years to which Trevor-Roper refers. I do not suggest this as a complete explanation of the phenomenon, but I do think that instead of easy generalizations on the philosophy of Jewish history, and in order to understand the problem, it is necessary to consider the impact of a totalitarian framework on all facets of human life.

When in the late 1920's Stalin collectivized Russian peasantry, millions of peasants were walking like cattle on the roads of Russia, hundreds of thousands of *besprizorny* (children without families) spread over the villages and the cities of Russia, but there was no revolt in Russia. May I

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add that the same total submission existed in Stalin's labor camps where millions of people were slaving for years. (The Vorkuta revolt, reported by reliable observers, occurred in 1954, during the period of uncertainty following Stalin's death.) When Stalin decided to kill off thousands of his erstwhile co-workers, including the great and revered leaders of his own party, there was no resistance, there was no revolt in Russia. We do know of revolts in pre-totalitarian Soviet Russia, including Kronstadt, as we know of revolts in 1956 in not yet completely totalitarianized Poland and Hungary.

I know, of course, that during the collectivization peasants here and there killed Soviet Commissars, but so did the Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto, the Jews of the Bialystok Ghetto, Jewish partisans in France, Poland, Russia, etc. (. . . See *Guide to Jewish History under Nazi Impact* by Jacob Robinson and Philip Friedman.)

May I add that the thesis about the two Jewries, that of the "compromising" Diaspora and that of "militant" Israel, and all references to heroic Zealots of old Judea deserve a deeper treatment than a passing reference. The point is that the same Jews of the Diaspora who did not resist in extermination camps went to Cyprus and then to Israel and became the great fighters for Israel's independence. Also, I think that to understand this phenomenon the effects of a different social framework should be investigated.

LEON SHAPIRO

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

H. R. Trevor-Roper accepts Raul Hilberg's thesis that a Jewish bureaucracy was in fact "an integral part of the machinery of destruction" and that in Germany as in other countries the Jews themselves collaborated in their own destruction. Their leaders became or were trapped into becoming a "tool" for the destruction of their people.

To one who served on the Executive Board of the *Reichsvertretung* it will appear that the terms applied to the Jewish leadership in Germany do not offer an accurate description of the "frontline leaders," as Leo Baeck called them, of the men and women all of whom stayed on voluntarily, all of whom were deported and most of whom met their death. Nor could a fair and adequate verdict be expected in a book which omits from the chapter dealing with the antecedents the years from 1934 to 1938 and addresses itself almost entirely to the *Reichsvereinigung* and to the period of mass annihilation.

To the *Reichsvertretung* less than a page is given and to its work one sentence. Its attempts aimed at an orderly exodus find no place in Hilberg's work. Of Otto Hirsch and his fellow workers no more than their names are mentioned and of the statements of Leo Baeck only those that put him in an unfavorable light.

The reviewer, however, is so taken with Hilberg's findings and evaluations that he builds on them an entire theory of Jewish history: Bar Kochba, the battle of Warsaw, and present-day Israel versus the Diaspora mentality. It is a kind of "Canaanite" theory. The Jews could have decided to follow it many centuries ago and then there would be today neither a Diaspora nor Israel.

MAX GRUENEWALD
Chairman

The Leo Baeck Institute
New York City

Saul's Tragedy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Martin Buber says in "Samuel and Agag" [January] "I believe that Samuel had misunderstood God." Further on: "Nothing can make me believe in a God who punishes Saul because he did not murder his enemy." Thus Buber rationalizes his belief in God from his personal viewpoint, obviously conditioned by the emotions of man today. However, it should be remembered that Samuel lived three millennia earlier, and God's command given then should be appreciated and interpreted in the spirit of *that* time. . . .

Saul wasn't the least motivated by humanitarian feelings. He indulged in the primitive barbarism of the Canaanites from which he was told to abstain. Buber, doubting the prophet's intellectual ability and not seeing the episode in its full historical aspect, misinterprets history. The tragedy has a meaning radically different from the one given it by Buber. . . .

WOLF WIRGIN

Spring Valley, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In regard to the very stimulating reflections on King Saul and Agag—with all consideration to Mr. Buber's humane approach —I nevertheless disagree. I believe that Samuel's address to the King and to Agag was inspired by God, not by human error. . . .

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If Mr. Buber doubts God's command concerning Saul and Agag, why does he not doubt the command to Abraham to sacrifice his only son? King Saul had been cautioned with many good reasons to exterminate the King of Amalek while for Abraham there was but one reason—obedience.

The Jews are warned to wipe out the evil on earth and never to forget Amalek. Maybe if mankind had remembered . . . King Saul . . . and . . . obeyed God's laws concerning kindness and discipline alike—Hitler would not have been able to kill six million Jews.

(Mrs.) Charlotte M. Kulp

Two Views

To the Editor of Commentary:

With restraint, yet with devastating documentation, a British historian demolishes a colleague's attempt to rescue the criminal Nazi regime from the terrible guilt of having caused World War II. G. F. Hudson, in his review of A. J. P. Taylor's book [February], exposes Taylor's poor scholarship, blindness, and lack of logic. Mr Hudson deserves our thanks. . . .

S. G. Herman

Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor of Commentary:

G. F. Hudson's review of *The Origins of the Second World War* . . . makes two assertions concerning Taylor's attitudes. He says that Taylor thinks that Poland should have capitulated in 1939, and that Taylor denounces the British government's Polish guarantee. . . . Professor Taylor simply contends that Poland's power was illusory, and her position militarily untenable. Events bear him out. Secondly, Taylor's "denunciation," if that is the term one applies to an opponent's feelings of distaste, is not for the guarantee, but rather for Chamberlain's characteristic lack of thought, and for Colonel Beck's callous, opportunistic crypto-fascism. Here again, historical judgment of these personalities agrees with Taylor.

Far more repugnant to my taste is Professor Hudson's use of the innuendo to impute opinions to Professor Taylor. Hudson would appear to have us believe that Taylor was against opposition to Hitler in 1939, and in favor of appeasement in general. This is flatly false. Taylor toured England in the pre-war years speaking against appeasement wherever possible, while his colleagues were in the Foreign Office busily appeasing; and in one of his earlier books, *The Trouble-makers,* Taylor delivered a stinging attack on their policies. Again, in *The Origins of the Second World War* Professor Taylor implies that the best that can be said of Allied statesmen is that they were rather stupid. . . . I suggest, on the basis of my reading of Professor Taylor's books, that he believes that Germany should have been invaded in 1918 and her army destroyed. Her resurgence and rearmament should have been prohibited by occupation or the threat of it. . . .

To argue the data of German history with Professor Hudson would be pointless. Although in his review he gives the impression that he and Professor Taylor are in factual disagreement, they agree on the events, but disagree in their interpretation of the events. . . . Professor Hudson's own skeleton key to the interpretation of German history, the Hossbach Memorandum, supports Taylor's thesis that war in Poland was not on Hitler's agenda. Professor Hudson's favorite chapters of *Mein Kampf* certainly point out that war with England was the one thing that Hitler wanted to avoid. Finally, all accounts seem to indicate that the war as it occurred, beginning with the invasion of Poland on September 1, 1939, was a result of blunders and misunderstandings on both sides.

There is room for controversy over several questions dealt with in Taylor's thesis. The first of these is the general question of whether Hitler desired to go to war. The second and third questions are over the specific issues of Hitler's plans for Austria and Czechoslovakia. A judicious reading of the documents pertaining to these matters reveals ambiguousness of program in almost every regard. There is no doubt that Hitler intended to increase Germany's *Lebensraum.* There is also no doubt that Hitler did not intend to permit Austria and Czechoslovakia to function as independent sovereign governments. The question is, by what means did Hitler intend to realize his aims? These aims may be defined as a German hegemony over Central Europe. Professor Taylor has interpreted this to mean that Hitler was not interested in occupation, but rather in domination over a collection of satellite states. Hitler would then have meant for Austria and Czechoslovakia the same sort of status in the Reich that Hungary and Rumania came to have. Professor Hudson and his colleagues have normally interpreted this program of domination as a project for war. The central fact that Professor Hudson loses sight of in his review is that both conclusions are interpretations.

To call *The Origins of the Second World*

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War an apology for Hitler is a shocking mistake in emphasis. The book is an indictment. An indictment, first of all, of the Allies; their failure in *Realpolitik* and their moral poverty. . . . Whenever political reality was involved, from the question of a meaningful armistice in 1918 to the question of the defense of Poland in August 1939, Allied statesmen refused to exercise the responsibility incumbent upon them as leaders of their countries. Wherever their morals were involved, they behaved despicably. It was the British who destroyed Spanish democracy and gave the Luftwaffe the chance to train, just as assuredly as it was the British, and not the embryonic German army, who dismembered Czechoslovakia. It was the French who handed Ethiopia to the Italians and Belgium and the Rhineland to the Germans. It was the Poles who rendered Poland indefensible.

The book is secondly an indictment of the Germans. Taylor remembers, as the rest of us seem to forget, that the Germans elected Hitler. Once he was in office, they supported him. The only point of real resistance to his government came from the army in 1944—and that because the army felt he was imperiling its preservation in the case of a defeat. . . .

Judgments of the Second World War have taken a peculiar turn. We have come to view the war in terms of a "superman" theory of history. Hitler is seen as an irresistible, demonic force who created the war and the Nazi regime out of his own bitter will. . . . The alternative is to recognize that Hitler was a politician much like the politicians who opposed him; that his government took power within the framework of a constitutional democracy; and that he pursued his aims with the standard methods of power politics. This means that the Nazi horror was created by men in a normal political situation, and therefore could have been stopped by other men in that situation. This also means that wherever there are men it is possible to create Nazism anew, and to stop it. Professor Taylor asks us to accept past guilt, so that we may assume future responsibility.

DAVID H. LOOMAN

New York City

Knowledge and Anxiety

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Henry David Aiken ["Sidney Hook as Philosopher," February] contends that the most recently written papers in Hook's *The Quest for Being* evidence a certain intellectual rigidity—to wit, allegiance to the belief that all human knowledge is scientific knowledge. He laments that "although [Hook] denies that 'the scientifically verifiable' *at any given moment* 'provides the content of philosophy,' it is only in the direction of speculations which are in principle scientifically verifiable that he is willing to look for new leading ideas." Hook anticipates this objection. . . . On pages 217–8 of his work, he writes that "the burden of proof rests entirely upon those who assert that there exists another kind of knowledge over and above technological, common sense, empirical knowledge, and the scientific knowledge that is an outgrowth and development of it," and adds that, in order to show that some other kind of knowledge exists, "some connection must be established between the differential behavior of the actors in the concrete situations in which they face problems and the concepts by which they are presumably guided." Aiken has neither satisfied this requirement nor shown it to be unreasonable. Perhaps, however, his contention that William James made sense of the question "Why is there something: why is there not nothing?" may be construed as an attempt to offer a counter-instance of Hook's dictum about the limits of knowledge. As such it warrants attention.

Aiken points out that "for James 'theoretic' questions of the sort raised by the logician and the scientist are not the only questions which a metaphysician may meaningfully ask." Quite so. According to James, there is, in addition to the theoretic rationality of a philosophy, its practical rationality, which he defines negatively: (1) the ultimate principle of a philosophy "must not be one that essentially baffles and disappoints our own dearest desires and most cherished powers"; and (2) "a second and worse defect in a philosophy than that of contradicting our active propensities is to give them no object whatever to press against" ("The Sentiment of Rationality," in *The Will to Believe*).

Now, is this sort of "rationality" compatible with the pragmatic standard of meaningfulness and truth? I believe that it is not. In "The Will to Believe," replying to W. K. Clifford's agnosticism, James defends "our right to adopt a believing attitude in religious matters, in spite of the fact that our merely logical intellect may not have been coerced. . . ."

. . . According to James, our *emotional* sensibilities direct us to an outward cause

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why we should *feel* as we do. "Any philosophy which annihilates the validity of the reference [of this act of referring] by explaining away its objects . . . leaves the mind with little to care or act for." And when this condition is "acutely brought home to consciousness it produces . . . horror." This horror is what James hopes to dispel or at least to mitigate by the epistemological permissiveness of his "practical rationality."

Hook contends that the question "Why is there something: why is there not nothing?" is devoid of sense except as a sign of emotional anxiety. Aiken does not give it any other sense, although he states that it is otherwise sensible. James cannot help Aiken, for contrary to what Aiken believes, the tenor of James's "The Sentiment of Rationality" indicates that the question issues from just such an emotional source as Hook declares to be its source. I believe, therefore, that Aiken has failed to provide even the semblance of an account of a type of knowledge different from Hook's "scientific knowledge." And if my belief is correct, then all Aiken's points of non-ethical contention are without force.

ROBERT HOFFMAN

Elmont, New York

Sir Lewis Namier

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Professor Talmon's penetrating study of Namier [March] . . . is likely to become definitive, and I would therefore like to fill out some incidental details. It is not quite correct that he did not return at once to an academic career after World War I. He did, being a tutor in history at Balliol (although somewhat cold-shouldered there) when I was an undergraduate. He then announced that he proposed to enter business in order to make enough money to enable him to write a book which would revolutionize our conceptions of 18th-century English history, which to the general surprise he did. . . .

Namier once said, I recall, that although he was a descendant of the Vilna Gaon (a point which I do not think has been mentioned in any of his obituaries: perhaps he changed his mind about it!) he was uncircumcised. At that time, he did not know as he told me a single word of Hebrew: when I observed that it was not too late to make this good, he turned on his heel and thereafter barely spoke to me until the end of his days. Namier was like that! His war-time essays on the Jewish tragedy were written indeed in a definitely religious spirit—but notwithstanding this, he was subsequently married in the Greek Orthodox Church, participating in the service. It is said that Chaim Weizmann never quite forgave him.

CECIL ROTH

Oxford, England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Professor Talmon's reminiscences of Sir Lewis Namier . . . made interesting reading and a worthy tribute to a man who has hitherto remained comparatively ignored by the international Jewish community. But they need supplementing in several respects for your readers to appreciate the full complexity of that great man's character.

In the first place, Dr. Talmon by no means does justice to Namier's work for the Zionist movement in the 1930's. He did in fact devote nearly ten years' sustained effort to the Zionist cause and the Jewish Agency. But he died in the hope that Israel would become a full-fledged member of the British Commonwealth. He was not alone in this sentiment, whose existence had a great deal to do with the strength of Gentile Zionism in Britain—without which there might be no Israel today.

Secondly, Dr. Talmon has not fully appreciated all the reasons which have led a section of British historians to regard Sir Lewis's influence on British historiography as one on balance to be rejected. He has rightly pointed to the criticism which sees "Namierist" history as politics with the politics left out—*Hamlet* without the Prince. But this objection lies deeper than that. It is that in an age where to be "controversial" is to put oneself outside the limits of taboo, the Namierite approach promotes an easy escape from grappling with the moral issues which were once to be considered the essential stuff of history. Perhaps the most pernicious of all Namier's effects in this view was his initiation (as it was largely his idea) of the mammoth *History of Parliament,* an enterprise which has absorbed a disproportionate part of Britain's numerically limited historical talent for more than a decade and still has little to show for it. (In the field of recent history his talents and energies had an equally perverse effect, which I dealt with at some length in the *Cambridge Journal* for June 1954). . . .

None of this is designed to detract from Dr. Talmon's picture of Sir Lewis Namier: though one may question whether the "ordeal" of which he writes was not mainly "subjective," while none the less real for

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that. He was of course also a much greater man than too great an emphasis on his personal characteristics or on his specific Jewishness would suggest. Angry, assiduous, masterful and masterly, he towered over British historical scholarship for much of his life and for the immediate postwar decade he not only towered over, but dominated the scene in a way which the fragments that remain behind him cannot sufficiently convey, and which only an understanding of the social and intellectual developments among British historians since 1920 . . . can really explain.

D. C. WATT

London School of Economics
London, England

Zionist Rescue Efforts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I awaited your review of Ben Hecht's *Perfidy* [March] with some eagerness because I had hoped for the kind of responsible, detailed treatment for which COMMENTARY is justly famed. I was disappointed in Lucy Dawidowicz's piece, but perhaps, in the nature of the case, not much more could be done.

I am indebted to your reviewer for telling us of Weizmann's attempt to get the British to bomb Auschwitz and of the follow-up on Eichmann's proposal to trade trucks for lives.

I agree with your reviewer that Hecht was guilty of savage personal defamation. I agree, now that the facts are fully known, that no one, neither the Zionists nor the Jews, nor the Allies, nor the nations who failed to give the Jews refuge, did enough, and that we all share the guilt; but, that to equate our guilt with that of the Germans is to make moral judgment meaningless.

Having said all this, I maintain that no one did more than the Jews of the Yishuv and the Zionist movement to bring the plight of the Jews before the world and to save Jewish lives. Were it not for them, the Jews now alive in Israel would be dead.

I fail to see how the efforts of Zionists to get Jews into Palestine in any way precluded an effort to get them admitted into the United States. There were enough Jews to go around. There is absolutely no basis in fact for the indictment: "It might perhaps be more accurate to say that, gambling for a Jewish state, the Zionists gambled away one chance to save the Jews."

I do not know whether any effort by American Jews would have saved the Jews of Europe; undoubtedly the effort was inhibited, as your reviewer suggests, by those who were "fearful, for themselves and for the good name of American Jews." I do think it is wrong for those same fearful Jews to attempt to shift their guilt to the shoulders of the Zionist Movement and the Jews of the Yishuv who by their courage plucked the brand from the fire and redeemed our name in history's most tragic hour.

(RABBI) DAVID GREENBERG

The Scarsdale Synagogue
Scarsdale, New York

MRS. DAWIDOWICZ *writes:*

Rhetoric makes an unconvincing argument. Recently, Dr. Solomon Schonfeld, Presiding Rabbi of the Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations of Britain and the Commonwealth, wrote about his experiences in 1942–43, as Executive Director of the Chief Rabbi's Religious Emergency Council, helping Jewish victims of Nazism. He said a Parliamentary rescue committee had effected the issuance of several hundred immigration permits by the British to Mauritius and other places. But the Zionists dissented, asking "Why not Palestine?" Rabbi Schonfeld wrote: "The obvious answers—that the matter was humanitarian and not political and that the Middle East situation was too delicate—were of no avail." Because the Zionists considered rescue only in terms of Palestine, they thwarted other possibilities of rescue. A motion placed before Parliament asking the British government, in consultation with the Indian government, to find "temporary refuge in its own territories or those under its control for those able to leave Nazi-occupied countries," was dropped, its promoters complaining that "if the Jews cannot agree among themselves, how can we help?"

After the war, working among Jews in displaced persons camps in occupied Germany, I myself saw how pressure was exerted against immigration to places other than Palestine. The Zionists believed that the end justified the means, political goals prevailing over humanitarian needs.

Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I should like to say to you that Mr. George Lichtheim's essay ["The New Europe," April] is both brilliantly perceptive, in my opinion, and brilliantly written.

WILLIAM S. WHITE

Washington, D. C.

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ART, LIFE & VIOLENCE

DEATHS FOR THE LADIES (AND OTHER DISASTERS). By NORMAN MAILER. *Putnam. $4.00; paperback, $1.95.*

Reviewed by DWIGHT MACDONALD

the
one great thing
about norman (man)
is
that
he
doesn't
repearepearepearepeat
himself
said the
cricricricricritic

I WAS GOING to let it go at that, as *Time* did, but then I thought of a few more things to say. One is why *Time's* brush-off was the only review I had seen in the four months since the book appeared, until the *Sunday Times Book Review* and the *Village Voice* both finally printed brief notices in July. Mailer has A Reputation and books by writers with Reputations are generally reviewed. I suspect the editors ignored the book because they thought it an eccentric (and trivial) outburst that doesn't fall into any of the normal reviewing categories.

Eccentric it is, but I've always liked eccentricity

said
the
critic
looking
down
his
bifocals

But review editors like books to fit into *their* pigeonholes, as lesser-known writers with more ambitious books have discovered to their cost. These aren't poems exactly and they certainly aren't prose; they are notions, unpascalian pensées, barbaric yawps over the rooftops, *graffiti* scrawled by a delinquent novelist. They are deliberately trivial in form but what they say is not trivial. Many of them fall flat; a slimmer volume would have been a better one, but who's going to weed? Not Mailer—take it or leave it, he says on every page. But a surprising number come off, considering he's trying for an epigram every shot. Oscar Wilde didn't always make it. They come off not because of any cummingsesque skill with words and typography, though Mailer's prosody isn't bad for a proseodist, but because they reflect an interesting/irritating personality and because they are salted with humor. As:

the worst to be said
about mothers
is that they
are prone
to give
kisses
of con-
grat-
u-
lation
which make you feel
like a battleship
on which someone
is breaking
a bottle.

Or:

Cold War
The Lady
was
quite
a queen
in her
own right
but she said:
You're a great man
you're a
very
great
man
only please
why can't
you be
considerate

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of others
as well?
Heh heh,
can't do two things
at once
said Rasputin.

Mailer's work is kept sweet by humor. He is funny about other people (as in his story, "The Man Who Studied Yoga") and he is funny about himself, something less common, as appears in that maladroit book, *Advertisements for Myself,* whose very title, like that of *Deaths for the Ladies,* is a triumph of bad taste. Mailer always leads with his chin, you can say that for him. *Advertisements* was indeed, as more than one reviewer pointed out, an exhibition of vanity, megalomania, and self-pity. But it did contain one imaginative essay, "The White Negro," two superb stories ("The Time of Her Time" was the other one), and three or four good ones. And even at its most vain, etc., it was shot through with saving gleams of comedy.

It is always refreshing, if only because it is becoming so rare, to see a writer who has made a rep with one kind of book disregard the rules of the game and refuse to repeat himself. He had it made with the Progressive-Stalinist ideology and realistic style of *The Naked and the Dead.* Then he lost faith in both and turned to fantasy and Trotskyist-romantic revolutionism in *Barbary Shore* (losing most of his audience), which was followed by the cynical-insider mode of *The Deer Park,* whose prose style was also quite different. *Advertisements,* another new form, introduced Mailer's hipster phase, and now we have these peculiar anti-poems. Who but Mailer would dream up such a genre and make a whole book out of it? He just can't be trusted with a typewriter.

One reason *Deaths for the Ladies* is not trivial is that here, as in his earlier books, he seems to be trying to find out how much weight his ideas (or better, his attitudes) will bear. I have the impression that Mailer is now of two minds about his hipster attitude—it's about time for him to move on anyway. He gives it the freest and most aggressive expression, almost as if he were "working out" his neuroses with a psychiatrist, but he also mocks it, often in the same poem. (See those sections toward the end—no page numbers, natch—called "Moods for Sunday" and "In New York It's Not Enough to be Polite.") The discord between the mood of rebellion—"cancer" is his favorite term for American life—and the jaunty, slangy, ironic form in which this rebellion is expressed may indicate tension and ambivalence: he may think he should feel more alienated than he really does feel. (I've always wanted to use "ambivalence" and "alienation" in the same sentence.)

I hope this tension is there, anyway, because I think Mailer has got all there is to get out of his hipster phase. He feels American society is evil and so he marches bravely against it. But bravery is his weakness. Sometimes one wishes he would be a little more cowardly. Or at least circumspect ("cautious, wary, taking everything into account," says the Concise Oxford). Also a lot less melodramatic: "cancer" really! There's much to be said for this country if the comparison is with existing reality elsewhere in the world and not with some Maileresque utopia (which would scare the hell out of *me*). Not that there is not a great deal deeply wrong with the American Way of Life, much more than the New Frontiersmen will admit. I have been reading Michael Harrington's *The Other America** and it has been a painful experience. I had assumed that since 1940, between New Deal social legislation and—much more important—wartime and postwar prosperity based on military spending, we had eliminated mass poverty. Nor was this assumption peculiar to me. The most drastic liberal critique of the current drift of our economy, J. K. Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* (significant title!) does show an admirable concern with the persistence of poverty, but it sees it as marginal: confined to certain regions, like West Virginia or the rural South, and to individuals with special disabilities, mental or physical. He concludes that poverty is no longer "a massive affliction" but is "more nearly an afterthought." This conclusion, however, is reached by defining as "poverty" a *family* income of under $1,000 a year, which is just one-quarter of the $4,000 family income that no more radical a source than the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics thinks is the line between "poverty" and mere "deprivation" (that is, above poverty but still short of minimum requirements for

* Macmillan, 191 pp., $4.00.

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a modestly comfortable level of living). Mr. Harrington therefore concludes that between 40 and 50 million Americans now live in poverty, real poverty, the kind one reads about in Gorky or Zola, the kind that was described by President Roosevelt in his "one-third-of-a-nation" speech. It's now, after almost a quarter of a century of the greatest prosperity we have ever known, perhaps reduced to one-fourth-of-a-nation but that is still "a massive affliction."

Mr. Harrington describes very well the psychological effects of this poverty—the alienation, the violence, the desperation, the apathy—and one thinks of Norman Mailer's attitude toward American society. But there is a crucial difference: the last word does not apply, since Mailer has never been impoverished: he went to Harvard, he wrote one of the biggest postwar best sellers, he is definitely not a citizen of The Other America. The alienation felt by the one-fourth of a nation that Mr. Harrington has anatomized is a blind reaction to an intolerable situation, but Mailer's is willed and conscious. Therefore he should be able to raise a banner more inspiring than the one he now marches under. I don't mean Sartrean commitment or Russian social realism, which are restraints—accepted from either masochism or priggishness according to one's temperament—on that ego which the artist must express freely if he is to be more than a hack. And I don't mean a regression to Progressivism or romantic Marxism. Between these over-politicalized extremes and the solipsistic rebellion of Hipsterism there is some ground and perhaps the most fertile for Mailer since he (rightly) refuses either to subordinate his ego to politics or to leave politics alone. In *Deaths for the Ladies,* he implies a criticism of society, but it remains an implication, drowned out by the author's personal histrionics; he seems uninterested in, and even unaware of, the factual existence of the society he is criticizing: perhaps this is a reaction from his former over-politicalization, but the reaction has gone too far. If *cancer* is to be his key metaphor about American life, he should know what he's talking about and one should feel some connection between a book like *The Other America* and one like *Deaths for the Ladies.* But one doesn't because, although both authors have detected sinister shapes far down in the placid waters of our prosperity, Harrington has really looked down there while Mailer has merely looked into his heart—and found not Calais but Cancer engraved thereon. He should be more aware of what's going on Inside America—he's already an expert on Inside Mailer. A political Hipster seems to me a contradiction in terms.

ONE LAST sermon and I'm through. There was a controversy some years ago between Norman Podhoretz (writing in *Partisan Review*) and Norman Mailer (writing in *Dissent*) about the moral significance of the killing, in the course of a holdup, of an aged candy-store proprietor by some male teenagers. As I recall the argument, Mailer saw the killers as rebels against bourgeois society whose act expressed a heroic *élan vital* because they dared to risk arrest and the electric chair. (I hope they got life—I'm against capital punishment because, not being a hero, I abhor killing.) Podhoretz saw them as simply juvenile delinquents, typical of the young toughs who were then more of a menace in the city than they are now, and he thought it the opposite of heroism for a gang of youths to kill an unarmed old man. As the loaded terms in which I've presented the argument shows, I agreed with Podhoretz. Now, I know Norman Mailer fairly well, and he is not anything like those young punks; but he has a romantic notion that violence is creative and that only a coward will avoid a fight; he has proved his courage more than once, I gather—and all the more so since he often comes out on the short end. Although he is, at least when I've seen him, the most patient and genial of men, Mailer is infatuated with the *idea* of violence; he thinks it proves something—manhood, sincerity, love, God knows what. And so, as in his writing he is always running it out to the very end, trying to see how much the traffic will bear, in his life he also pushes things as far as they will go, and often a bit farther. His literary extremism and *je m'en foutism* offend the academics, and the same qualities in his philosophy of life get him into trouble with the police. I think the academics are wrong, but I think the cops have a point, though they aren't the ones to enforce it, namely, that Mailer's living-it-out should be dis-

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couraged in the interest of his writing-it-out, since it is, after all, as a writer rather than as a tough guy that he interests us.

There is a Verlaine-like charm in the refrain he repeats throughout *Deaths:*

doing the limbo bit
doing the limbo bit
it's good enough
for me

But I see no charm in the sadistic note often struck, as:

Why do that,
why
not leave
violence
alone?
Because
said
when learn
do this
can
give
penknife
away
So long
as
you
use
a knife,
there's
some
love
left.

At the risk of being tedious, and of questioning the logic of a century and a half of romanticism, I say that not using a knife is a more convincing demonstration of "some love left" than using one. It is time to give away that penknife, I think. And is doing the limbo bit really good enough for a writer as talented and ambitious and, for all his hipster-movements to avoid it, as hooked on political protest as Norman Mailer is?

Life is one thing, art is another, to be even more tedious. Hemingway confused his life with his writing in his later years and of late Mailer seems to be doing the same. The danger is that he will, like Hemingway, try so hard to live up to his literary personality—a more destructive one than Hemingway's was, by the way, because the period we live in is more destructive—that he will have slight energy left over for writing; or, worse, that he will write so as to maintain his public image. Too much of *Deaths for the Ladies* is Hemingwayesque muscle-flexing against the squares (but Hipsterism can be pretty square too); there is too much tough-stuff, too much I've-been-around stuff. The great hope is that Mailer is more conscious of himself and brighter than Hemingway was; also, for these reasons, he has a much better sense of humor. And humor, as I observed at the start of this sermon, is the salt that keeps a great deal of Norman Mailer's recent work fresh.

LAW & POLITICS

POLITICAL JUSTICE: THE USE OF LEGAL PROCEDURE FOR POLITICAL ENDS. By OTTO KIRCHHEIMER. *Princeton University Press. 452 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by C. PETER MAGRATH

BEGINNING WITH THE succinct observation that "Every political regime has its foes or in due time creates them," Professor Otto Kirchheimer of Columbia University and the New School for Social Research has written a learned treatise on what he calls political justice—the manipulation of the modern state's legal machinery by power holders, and, conversely, by power challengers. The question of what is and what is not "political" may present a pitfall, but Kirchheimer very sensibly labels as political that which dominant groups and individuals conceive "to relate in a particularly intensive way to the interests of the community." Such a definition allows for shifting conceptions of what is politically significant: to Henry VIII his spouse's failure to inform him of her premarital loss of virginity was treasonable; to the Nazis Jewishness was a crime justifying the imposition of brutal political sanctions. One could, of course, describe all justice as political, since without the authority of a public (political) order no legal system would be possible. But Kirchheimer's focus is on a reasonably distinct segment of justice: the use of statutes, courts, judges, public prosecutors, lawyers, juries, and defendants (also, perforce, part of the political-legal machinery) to affect power relations.

The theme is broad, but Kirchheimer stays close to his concern with the forms, motivations, and ends that characterize the

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relationship between politics and law in the modern state. Yet his notion of political justice is necessarily so encompassing—touching on famous treason trials, political defamation suits, legal repression of political organizations, asylum and clemency—and the frame of reference so wide-ranging—the United States; the Soviet Union; the Weimar, Nazi, and post-World War II German regimes; and the periodically changing French systems—that the book seems almost encyclopedic. Some may conclude that it is indeed essentially a reference work. Yet, throughout, runs the connecting link of Kirchheimer's conviction: that political justice, which frequently turns into the epitome of injustice, is an imperative which states cannot escape. No one can put down Kirchheimer's large-scale study without having acquired a new insight into the way modern governmental systems make political use of law and legal apparatuses.

INDEED, ALMOST EVERY chapter offers a few refreshing insights. Kirchheimer points, for example, to the troublesome dilemma which hostile minority groups create for democratic governments: that repression, when it is "foreseeably effective . . . seems unnecessary; when advisable in the face of a serious threat to democratic institutions, it tends to be of only limited usefulness and it carries the germs of new, perhaps even more menacing dangers to democracy." This "limited usefulness" arises from the fact that, though seriously threatened, democratic regimes often find it expedient to repress minority groups when these represent significant interests and portions of the population. Thus, the Weimar Republicans in the late 1920's had to contend with the dual threats presented by the Nazi and the Communist parties. And the postwar Italian and French governments faced a similar problem in dealing with the militant and well-disciplined Communist organizations. As Kirchheimer observes, "Any attempt, repulsive per se to a democratic society, to deflect such mass aggressions into government-chartered and government-operated channels, would be likely to line up easily maneuverable cohorts of uprooted men under orders—another mortal threat to the democratic process." The practical consequence of this is that only a stable democratic regime, for instance that of the United States, can afford to repress hostile minorities. And yet, precisely because it can repress—the minority is insignificant; the revolutionary appeals it makes fall on deaf ears—there is the least objective need to do so.

Kirchheimer is much too worldly-wise to believe that this ends the matter. While an anti-democratic group may not be an "objective threat" to the established government, the holders and manipulators of power may choose legal repression for any number of political and psychological reasons. By firmly suppressing the neo-Nazi Socialist Reich party and the Communist party, both weak and numerically small, the West German Federal Republic responded to a number of factors and served a number of ends: it reacted to the bitter experience of the past with anti-democratic groups; it enhanced its world image as a new nation which rejects Nazism and takes a "no-nonsense" attitude toward anti-democratic forces; and (in outlawing the CP) it aligned its domestic policy with its "hard" foreign policy line toward Moscow. Similarly, the United States government's policy toward the Communist party in its midst (a policy which, in practice, if not in form, aims to destroy the party) is heavily influenced by the desire of our political leaders to demonstrate their vigilance in guarding America against the threat of Communism. I would suggest, too, that this reaction ties in with the felt need of the American people to lash out at their tormentors in one of the few tangible ways short of war that seems open to them.

For his part, Kirchheimer here favors a policy of toleration as harmonizing with democratic theory; he argues that legal repression against weak anti-democratic groups damages "the ligaments of democratic institutions." The discussion significantly underlines Kirchheimer's general observation that permanent repression of hostile mass organizations is inexpedient while repression of tiny minorities is unnecessary. If this conclusion in itself may seem even trite, it nevertheless conveys a profound truth: that only by removing the causes of mass dissatisfaction can a regime attain the luxury of not needing to suppress hostile minorities. It is a conclusion that one wishes would sink through to the rulers of

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a country like South Vietnam—and to the American Congress when it votes on foreign trade and aid bills.

THUS, DESPITE A COOLLY analytical approach, Kirchheimer does not shy away from expressing his views on such questions as the legal repression of minority organizations, the correctness of the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, or the thoroughly politicized legal systems characteristic of totalitarian states. In this respect, he is unlike those many writers in the social sciences who are addicted to a maddening neutralism which decrees that personal opinions are to be scrupulously avoided—a sort of forbidden fruit not to be tasted by social scientists. Nevertheless, an inconclusive tone does permeate Kirchheimer's study—a fascination with ironies and "sociopolitical paradoxes." He ends his chapter on "Legal Repression of Political Organizations" by commenting on the irony that forces those who advocate repression in a democratic society to justify each repressive act, adding, "Is this not at least a remarkable testimonial to the merits of constitutional processes rooted in the democratic system?" He concludes the book by invoking Clio, the Muse of History, who, "in her compassion may hide from both defendant and judge what and whose titles will eventually be disproven." And Clio may well refuse an unambiguous answer, indicating that both were on fools' errands. "Meanwhile," he writes, "may we pray for both potential brethren in error?"

To an extent, Kirchheimer's disinterestedness and his fondness for paradoxical observation and ironical questions bespeaks an understandable skepticism about the exaggerated claims of rightness raised by those who are participants—either as users or used—in the drama of political justice. But beyond this, Kirchheimer's resigned and quizzical tone reflects a deep pessimism overlaying his personal humanitarianism. He expects little from man; at the very best, man may refrain from treating his brother with inhumanity, but never will he show much capacity for justice. "To the past, present, and future victims of political justice," Otto Kirchheimer dedicates his book. That, inevitably, there will be future victims of political justice is the implicit assumption which binds this multifaceted work together.

A JEWISH ARISTOTELIAN

JUDAISM AS A PHILOSOPHY: THE PHILOSOPHY OF ABRAHAM BAR HIYYA. By LEON D. STITSKIN. *Bloch. 251 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by JEROME ECKSTEIN

AN INTEREST AND importance that it might otherwise not have had is given to this work by the "imprimatur" it bears of the Yeshiva University—the first time the school has chosen to extend such special approval to any publication. Thus the book must be taken not only as conveying the viewpoint of its author (who is Professor of Jewish Philosophy at Yeshiva's Graduate School) but as being a quasi-official expression of a respectable segment of American Jewish Orthodoxy. Unfortunately, this group becomes co-answerable for Professor Stitskin's weaknesses in argument.

Professor Stitskin, in his turn, has made the similar mistake of insisting that the views of a single medieval Spanish Jewish thinker, Bar Hiyya (1065–1143), constitute an official philosophy of Judaism ". . . unique in its insights and timeless in its essence." But no philosophy has as yet demonstrated its absolute certainty—not even that of Aristotle, whose conception of the universe Bar Hiyya depends on. Rejecting all modern and non-Aristotelian philosophy—and retaining even, by implication, Aristotle's astronomy—Professor Stitskin must needs invoke the *deus ex machina* of revelation and faith every time he is confronted with a contradiction or difficulty.

Not only does Professor Stitskin believe that "Aristotle projected a world picture which formed a *perfect* [my italics] background for an adequate appraisal of man's rational soul," but he tries to prove that many of the metaphysical categories basic to Greek philosophy are anticipated in the Bible. In support of this astonishing view, Professor Stitskin invokes Judah Halevi, Abraham Ibn Daud, Maimonides, and "even non-Jewish writers" (he refers especially to Eduard Munk who wrote in 1848). And he cites Josephus (without reservation) as quoting another author's beliefs that Pythagoras was a disciple of the prophet Ezekiel; that Socrates derived his concepts from Achithophel and from Asaph, the Psalmist; that

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Plato was a pupil of Jeremiah; and that Aristotle studied under Simon the Just! Stitskin concludes: "Inasmuch as the opinion [that the philosophy of the Greeks was borrowed from the Hebrews] was current in the 1st century B.C.E., the philosophic doctrines alluded to must be of Biblical origin." All of which can only be regarded as historical nonsense.

The Bible is, as it happens, almost totally devoid of abstract philosophic terms. The *ut* or *et* suffixes, expressing abstract concepts, abound in medieval Jewish philosophic literature, but are scarcely to be found at all in the Pentateuch. Moreover, not once in the Pentateuch does any word or phrase occur which signifies "life after death" (*olam haba*): but this concept is basic to the philosophy of Bar Hiyya and Stitskin. How, one may ask, can "the Bible [be] a repository of fundamental metaphysical truths," when it lacks such linguistic prerequisites? However much one may admire Aristotle, surely one must find it incredible that the Orthodox Jew is obliged to assume Aristotelianism as part of God's promulgation on Mt. Sinai!

THE FACT IS that Professor Stitskin is not concerned with philosophy or even with what is usually called the "philosophy of religion" or "natural theology." "Religious philosophy is really not an investigation of phenomena per se as it is a refinement of concepts already explicit in the Torah"—so Stitskin says. The touchstone of philosophy, in other words, is not scientific knowledge, not the coherency of our confrontation of reality, not the breadth of our "proceptive direction" (Justus Buchler's illuminating concept); rather, "the Torah is the ultimate source for testing our philosophical notions." Yet such an assertion can be accepted only by those who are unwilling to question any of the "premises" of the Torah and will go to all lengths to "reinterpret" the Bible to "meet" contrary aspects of experience. So far as the rest of mankind is concerned, such an approach can only result in further skepticism toward the claims of religion. As Aquinas writes, "Certain probable arguments must be adduced for the practice and help of the faithful, but not for the conviction of our opponents, because the very insufficiency of these arguments would rather confirm them in their error, if they thought that we assented to the truth of faith on account of such weak reasonings."

Professor Stitskin's method, in short, permits him to evade the stubbornly perplexing, but central, problems of the philosophy of religion. Although, for example, he says that Judaism bids us exercise our "freedom of will," nowhere does he define this most vague and ambiguous term. Once, in a footnote, he refers to it as "self-determinism." But he neglects to explain whether he means that man "determines himself" on the basis of a causal factor, or whether he is speaking of "indeterminism," where causal factors are inoperative. If he means the former, then we have not escaped from the realm of determinism, with all the problems it raises from Stitskin's viewpoint; if the latter, we have a chaotic situation, and this certainly precludes moral responsibility. Similarly, he never comes to grips with the problem of evil in a world ruled by an omnipotent God, missing the opportunity, with both of these issues, for an imaginative, unrestricted, and courageous attempt at solution which is provided in his own observation:

> By the 11th century there were other problems that required elucidation, such as free will and determinism, the essence of God, His unity and justice, suffering and evil in the world—but those questions could be resolved either way, as the biblical and talmudic sources were not altogether clear on the subjects. Passages could be cited from the religious documents in relation to a given case both pro and con.

Indeed, the Bible speaks only of "choice" (*b'chirah*)—not of free nor of determined choice.

The best insights that Stitskin derives from Bar Hiyya arise in the discussion of the integral connection between the wisdom that is based on *yihud ha-Shem* (the unity of God) and the good deeds which are derived from *kabbalat ha-Torah* (divine revelation). Both—thought and doing—are necessary for the development of the soul. Bar Hiyya points out that the ancient philosophers, realizing that wisdom and right conduct are both essential for the soul's development, do not know "the content of this wisdom, nor are they able to present to us in concrete fashion a regimen of good deeds"—only the Torah, through *yihud ha-Shem* and

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kabbalat ha-Torah has done this. It would seem to me that if Stitskin had undertaken to demonstrate what Torah has done, in detail and in the light of contemporary knowledge, he might have been able to contribute to the development of a living Jewish philosophy. As it is, however, his refusal to confront contemporary knowledge seriously and his uncritical adulation of the Aristotelianism of Bar Hiyya have resulted in a work which does nothing to rescue Orthodox Jewish thought from the philosophic sterility into which it has fallen.

"OBJECTIVITY" AND VALUE

PUBLIC OPINION AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By V. O. KEY, JR. *Knopf. 566 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by PAUL KECSKEMETI

HOW DO POLITICAL SYSTEMS work? In trying to answer this question, the exponents of classic political theory, from Aristotle to Montesquieu, looked at the global, institutional features of political societies and developed hypotheses accounting both for the differences between systems and for the stability or decay within any given system. But, though concerned with the facts of political life and the concrete causal explanation of recurrent processes, classic theory did not stop there: one of its main preoccupations was with questions of value, and a central problem was that of the "best" government, the "ideal" state. For many classical theorists, this problem appears in relativized form: Montesquieu, for example, no longer asks which government is the "best" but only which is "best" for a society of a given type. But concern for value never disappeared from political studies so long as these were based upon the global, institutional approach.

Departing radically from this approach in trying to account for the working of present political systems, contemporary "political science" eliminates value considerations as well. Both features of the classical approach —its orientation toward global institutions and its preoccupation with value—are rejected for the same reason: that they are incompatible with "scientific objectivity." If we wish to be "scientific," we must be concerned only with "facts," not with "values" (that is, not with those "values which we ourselves hold; other people's "values," recorded with detachment, are of course a proper object of "scientific" investigation). And the "facts" must be objectively ascertained. But global features of societies do not lend themselves to such purely controlled observation: only what individual people do and say can be put into an "objective" record of facts. Hence, "political science" today seeks to account for the working of political systems in terms of a "grass roots" approach, using observed facts about individuals as its basic data.

A collection of data, however, is not science: correlations between data have to be established, and such correlations, to be scientific, must be stated in numerical form. Therefore, "political science" tells us, we cannot just look at what people do spontaneously. We have to ascertain how they respond to some identical, standardized stimulus, and then tabulate their responses. Having done this, we proceed to find out how the responses correlate with such sociocultural variables as economic status, occupation, education, age, sex, and the rest. "Political science" investigates significant statistical correlations between variables of this kind on the one hand and such responses to standardized political stimuli as voting in elections or answers given to political attitude questionnaires on the other. This is how we are supposed to get a "scientific" account of the working of our political system.

"POLITICAL SCIENCE" HAS HELD the stage since before the Second World War. By now, it has accumulated an impressive body of voting studies and of statistical survey studies. How far have these labors advanced our knowledge of how the American political system works?

We may turn for an answer to *Public Opinion and American Democracy,* by V. O. Key, Jr. We find here a masterful exposition and evaluation of the methods used and the findings arrived at in the most important primary research work done in "political science" since early World War II times. Much of the book consists of an analysis in depth of a number of political attitude survey projects run by the Survey Research

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Center of the University of Michigan during the election campaigns of 1952 and 1956, but other important work (e.g. Berelson's and Lazarsfeld's famous voting studies) also receives careful attention.

The research effort reviewed in Professor Key's volume deals with the political behavior and attitude profile of the entire American population as reflected in representative samples. To derive such profiles, one must study pervasive modes of behavior and pervasive attitude patterns: behavior that all participate in, attitudes that concern issues relevant to all. The main pervasive mode of political behavior is participation in elections; and everyone contributes to the behavior profile by voting for this or that candidate, or by abstaining. A pervasive attitude pattern is based upon questions on which every individual takes a stand; profiles are therefore made up of everyone's answers to questions of common interest, whether "yes," "no," or "don't know."

Now the relevance, the cognitive value of voting "profiles" is not problematic. Elections are genuine political stimuli, and every response to them is politically meaningful: the outcome is determined jointly by voting and non-voting. Here "political science" is on firm ground, and the voting studies surveyed in Professor Key's book afford a wealth of insights into American political behavior and into its sociological background. The case is, however, different with attitude profiles. One can always get a "profile" by addressing a questionnaire to a representative sample and tabulating the answers. But such a "profile" does not necessarily indicate how Americans define their stand on political issues that are significant for *them*. It shows, in itself, only a distribution of responses to a stimulus which has a well-defined political meaning for the *researcher* but may have a different meaning, or none at all, for the *respondents*.

Attitude survey studies are often bedeviled by such difficulties; as Professor Key points out, we don't know too well what surveys actually "measure." Identical responses need not denote identical or even similar attitudes, since respondents may misunderstand or fail to understand the question. It is also difficult to assess the significance of "don't know" answers, a problem incisively dealt with by Professor Key. Apart from all this, however, a fundamental systematic distortion seems to me to be involved in the very design of many political attitude survey studies.

Political attitude surveys are typically designed to "measure" how people divide into "liberal" and "conservative" attitude groups, or how they distribute themselves along a scale running from the "liberal" to the "conservative" pole. To "political scientists" in general, the main pervasive attitude pattern running through American society is that defined by the liberal-conservative dichotomy. All studies investigating this pattern, however, follow the rule that identical answers to questions relating to liberalism-conservatism must be given the same score regardless of the respondent's social position and involvement in the issue on which the score is being established. Thus, a union member's pro-union answers are rated as indices of "liberalism" on a par with those of businessmen or intellectuals.

This is a fundamental error. If a man favoring the underdog is by definition a "liberal," the underdog who agrees with him need not be so. Pro- and anti-union answers give us only a profile of pervasive American attitudes toward labor unions: this profile cannot then be taken as reflecting a pervasive American attitude pattern concerning liberalism and conservatism. How such a pattern can be established at all is, indeed, difficult to see. If we directly question our samples on "liberalism" and "conservatism," we get no usable profile, because these terms mean different things to different people. We can approach the problem only indirectly, by asking questions about issues supposed to provide criteria of liberalism or conservatism, and this is what "political scientists" do. But differential involvement in all such issues (whether they concern labor unions, medical aid, discrimination, or whatever else) tends to make responses non-additive on a "liberalism" scale: issue questions cannot be regarded as "standardized stimuli" that affect everybody in the same way and produce responses that can be added up in the same dimension, with respect to "liberalism" and "conservatism."

It seems that "political scientists" who, being liberals themselves, are genuinely interested in liberalism vs. conservatism as *the* fundamental political issue coloring all

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others, uncritically project this concern upon American society at large. But this shows that "political science" has discarded the supposed pitfalls of classic theory only in intention, not in fact. It also attributes directly unobservable global features to society; it also incorporates the value attitudes of its practitioners. Apparently one cannot avoid doing these things when studying politics and society. The only question is how well one does them, but it is clear that people who are unaware of doing a thing cannot do it very well.

All this does not mean to say that attitude survey studies are generally worthless. On the contrary, many such studies (no less than the voting studies) have derived valuable knowledge about the social background of American politics by the use of excellent, and sometimes truly brilliant, techniques of investigation, deduction, and analysis. Still, the general picture that emerges is both distorted and incomplete. Supposed measures of liberalism often measure nothing, and the mine of information worked by questionnaire techniques is quickly exhausted.

Professor Key indicates that "political science" has found no satisfactory way to bring into focus such phenomena as political power, influence, and leadership. Indeed, as the survey studies show, "political science" seeks to isolate the "influential" members of the political community by finding out who votes most regularly, reads most about politics, does most of the party work, and so on. This is how heroically "political science," wedded to the grass roots approach, strives to avoid its own subject matter. True, political issues are of concern to all, and in a democracy everyone is supposed to participate in politics. But many things besides pervasive attitudes and modes of behavior that everyone engages in on an equal footing are found among the essential determinants of the political process. These include, on the one hand, the hierarchical features of politics (differentiation between leaders and led, rulers and ruled) and on the other, its institutional features (the "rules of the game," the established modes of acquiring and exercising authority). Classic theory, which concentrated on these, was on the right track; "political science," which systematically blocks them out, incapacitates itself thereby. Of course we are aware today of the need for more rigorous and extensive fact-finding techniques than those available to the classics, and it is "political science" that has given us this awareness. But the methods we need cannot be based upon the concept of "objectivity" propounded by "political science." We cannot do without interpretation and judgment, and the objectivity which is possible (and imperative) in these fields necessarily has an admixture of controlled subjectivity. This is inescapable. The "pure" objectivity postulated by "political science" leads both to loss of subject matter and to an intrusion of *uncontrolled* subjectivity.

THE SPLENDID FAILURE

YOUNG GERMANY 1900–1960. By WALTER Z. LAQUEUR. *Routledge & Kegan Paul.* (*Basic Books in October, $6.00*)

Reviewed by GEORGE L. MOSSE

> The world's rotten bones tremble with fear of the Red War. We did away with terror, that was our triumph. Onward we'll march, let everything fall in ruins. Today Germany is ours—tomorrow the world!

THESE LINES WERE written not by an SS leader or a professional patriot, but by a middle-class Catholic German high school boy, in 1932. Hans Baumann was then eighteen; later he became a minor leader in the Hitler Youth and regarded with naive amazement the great deeds of the Fuehrer. But boys become men, and as Baumann grew up he began to evince a mild resistance to National Socialism, while doing his patriotic duty as a soldier. Today he is a pacifist, author of children's books and avant-garde plays. His song, so famous under the Third Reich, is a product of the forces which shaped his youth. Does German youth today write the same sort of thing? I believe not.

In any case, it would be impossible today for such ideological verse to spread with the same speed as Baumann's youthful effort. For one thing, the sense of destiny expressed can have no real meaning in a nation divided and at the mercy of the Great Powers. For another, it is too soon, after the total defeat, to envisage a total victory. Yet the

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underlying attitude of mind springs from a view of the world which has never lost its appeal in modern Germany. The problem of unity, around which German nationalism has always centered, once more confronts the nation. If the young Baumann was obsessed with it in 1932, he had the example of the German youth of generations preceding his. Even the fathers and mothers of the young were always patriotic, after all—given to Bismarck-worship and Wagnerian operas. But in the case of the parents, a strident patriotism seemed to conflict with a placid acceptance of Germany's internal division. The young searched for a deeper, more genuine connection with the "genius" of the nation, as evident from the first rebellious spirits who around 1900 started the Youth Movement.

Mr. Walter Laqueur has given us a new and interesting history of the German Youth Movement, though it seems to me that he has, in his introduction, laid too little responsibility for Nazism at its door. If its early representatives did not express themselves in words like Baumann's, their attitude was nevertheless congenial to his. And though it is true that the Youth Movement ultimately rejected National Socialism, its responsibility for the German catastrophe cannot be minimized.

Laqueur quite rightly starts his discussion with a chapter on the "romantic prelude": it was the romanticism that followed the French Revolution which provided the impetus for German nationalism. The young men who banded together around 1900 did not form gangs or proclaim the coming of a new society, but went on rambles. Few people in the West would associate rambles with revolutions, a love of nature with the subversion of the existing order. But this latter-day romanticism was in no sense a simple "back-to-nature" movement (as Mr. Laqueur seems to suggest). Rather, it represented a highly combustible fusion of nature, man, and "folk."

Schoolboys doubtless wanted the fun of being on their own, of having adventures in the as yet unspoiled countryside. The leadership was a different matter. Karl Fischer, the first head of the Movement, had already around 1900 taken his groups to visit the German minorities in the Austrian Empire, and as time went on the leaders became increasingly involved in ideological discussions. These burst into the open at a celebrated meeting of all youth groups in 1913 on the Meissner mountain, when an effort was made to tie the Youth Movement to ideas of revolt that went beyond a national renewal. Gustav Wynecker, a remarkable teacher (later a Social Democrat), who believed that youth should find its own forms and break with the past, issued a passionate appeal to total revolution and rejection of 19th-century romanticism, and continued in this role during the revolution of 1918 which resulted in the Weimar Republic. But the powerful anti-modernity of the Movement defeated him.

A different kind of teacher attained to influence: one who had gone through the patriotic training of the university and was far from being a foe of authority. The teachers had always been a reactionary force in Germany and were to remain so (in contrast to neighboring France). The Youth Movement served to draw them closer to their pupils, but they retained their nationalist outlook. The First World War was instrumental in bringing the youth to the fore—they accepted with enthusiasm a war started by the very elders against whom they were supposed to be in revolt. Mr. Laqueur is formally right when he sees vagueness in the early *Wandervogel*, but the attachment of the youth to the "folk" and to the German cosmos of nature was never vague, and it was this romanticism that set the tone for the war and its aftermath. Such romanticizing led inevitably to a sense of futility in political action. Thus the Movement was inherently susceptible to totalitarian influence and solutions—whether from the right or the Communists.

Yet individualism had once been an ideological goal. The Movement had set out to escape both the caste society of Wilhelminian Germany and the stifling atmosphere of the school. The original historian of the Youth Movement, Hans Blüher, recalled that in the early days, when a simple romanticism prevailed, the "soul" of the individual joined itself to nature, and the organizational superstructure, which the individual joined of his own free will, was minimal. True, the leadership idea was strong, for the leader recruited his followers directly; but no outside force intervened between leader

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and follower. It was enough that the leader was endowed with what Max Weber named "charisma." The continual splits and regroupings which Laqueur describes testify to the enduring strength of the personalized leader-follower relationship. Inevitably, the loose association grew more rigid. Laqueur calls 1919 the "end of the individualistic period." It must be emphasized, however, that never had individualism been conceived within the Youth Movement in terms of that liberalism which all the groups rejected as divisive. The concept of leadership blocked genuine individualism.

We must consider again the point that these were for the most part boys, and despite the anti-intellectualism of the Movement an ideology was fostered from above. In 1911 Blüher wrote a sensational book on the Youth Movement as an erotic phenomenon, putting forth his contention that sexual inversion in adolescence played a powerful part in maintaining group consciousness and cohesion. Laqueur handles this particular question with circumspection. But if the case can never be proved, Platonic friendship did play a vital part, and one may venture beyond Laqueur: the many publications of the *Wandervogel* speak continually of a new sort of admiration for the muscular male body, the clear brow, the blue eyes, which seemed to pertain to the "genuine" person rooted in the soil—as contrasted with the pale-faced and flabby urban bourgeois, comfortable in corpulence, hopelessly sunk in his way of life. The ideal of masculine beauty was coupled with that of the heroic. And the leader was the heroic personality who through strength of will had overcome his own background.

EVEN BEFORE ANY strong group cohesion had set in, "old boys" were finding it difficult to grow out of their experience of the Movement; in fact, they rarely did. A most significant adult extension of the Movement was a series of agricultural settlements in eastern Germany where property was held jointly and work pursued in common. Here were the "cells" for a new nation, renewed through actual living in nature, on the soil —and it was also here that the drive toward racial bias in the Youth Movement was strengthened. Nationalism and Germanic mysticism met and married in the communes, which make the link between the Youth Movement and National Socialism obvious. This is especially clear in the case of the largest group—and the only one with which Laqueur deals—the *Artamanen,* who hired themselves out as farm laborers. The Artamanen were for the most part absorbed into the Nazi party: Himmler had been a member from the beginning.

Jews were members of many of the early groups and some even attained positions of leadership. Nevertheless—as Laqueur shows —there was always a question about their right to be called Germans. When the question was debated during the First World War, the argument was advanced that the Jew in the Movement could become a complete German—even if *all* Jews could not; the Jew within an elite movement was special, after all. The opposing view saw the Jews as a separate people. This was Karl Fischer's attitude early on, and it became dominant among the most significant sections of the Movement. Germanism (one quite tolerant leader wrote) was a quality of the soul which the Jew as Jew could not share. Though racial superiority as such was not at first involved, the always present German stereotype of the Jew as materialistic and unpatriotic gradually got set.

Such a view was of course implicit in the youth ideology even if some individual Jews were thought to be exceptions. But the radical anti-Semites were not a majority, as Laqueur rightly points out. Most of the ideologists, disliking Jews, still tended to distinguish between individuals and the mass; and a certain sympathy with Zionism even gave to Jews recognition as a separate "folk." It was the "Germanism" of the ideology which from the very beginning excluded Jews as Jews. Here we have one more piece of evidence pointing to an attitude toward life which, while it went deep into the fabric of German youth, did not necessarily lead them into the arms of Nazism.

The majority in fact never became closely involved with the party. Laqueur suggests that the guilt of the young Germans lies in their sins of omission, in their failure to develop an ethos of individual political responsibility; he believes that the Youth Movement merely shares the same kind of responsibility for National Socialism as most German parties, all of which embraced the

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neo-romantic ideology in one way or another. The matter cannot be brushed off quite so easily, however. It is a fact of German history that the young underwent a nationalist radicalization not reflected in their parents. During the last decades of the 19th century, German students jumped on the bandwagon of the anti-Semitic court preacher Stöcker, whose movement was largely ignored by their elders. Fraternities which had accepted Jews now excluded them, and anti-Semitic student organizations began to flourish: all this in the name of the "folk," the Germanic renewal. Half a century later, around 1930, the National Socialists captured German student organizations well over a year before their party showed any electoral strength.

The story is not yet over. As Laqueur shows, the fires now burn low, but they burn nevertheless. For where is German youth to turn to today in its dissatisfaction with the society of the "economic miracle"? A third of the nation is under Communist domination, which makes any truly radical movement difficult to promote. But the old road trod by the Youth Movement is still open—and some groups have been reconstituted.

Laqueur's perceptive book is a fascinating and sensitive narrative of a failure, but a failure which explains better than most successes the working of those attitudes of mind which made Germany the home of the counter-revolution: a counter-revolution against the tradition of the French Revolution, liberalism, and modernity. Today, if the aggressiveness of 1932 is dead, the underlying state of mind still lives. Will the counter-revolution once again be confused with true revolution? For the "splendid failure" (Laqueur's words) was symptomatic of a world view which produced the "Red War" that put a most unromantic end to the romanticism of German youth.

THE FALLOUT OF THE AGE

DAVID KNUDSEN. By GEORGE P. ELLIOTT. *Random House. 399 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by THEODORE SOLOTAROFF

THIS IS A luminous and important novel that deserves much better than the perfunctory or hostile reviews that it received when it was published six months ago and the virtual silence that has followed. The limpness and imperception of the reaction has been surprising to me. For one reason, George P. Elliott had already established himself both by his essays and fiction as one of the few unmistakably solid and pertinent talents to emerge in the 50's, precisely the sort of writer who bears, as they say, close watching. Moreover, *David Knudsen* is concerned, in a remarkably concrete and sensitive way, with the public problem today that impinges upon consciousness like an unsolved murder in the next building and that makes most other fictional subjects seem somehow marginal and evasive. The subject of Elliott's novel is what it means, specifically, to live in the nuclear age—the problems of private morale and morality which we face as we sit tight in the valley of the shadow of death, depending upon the mercy of science and the goodness of the state.

To read *David Knudsen* is to realize how little has been done with this subject until now. There has been, of course, a good deal of muttering about "The Bomb" in contemporary fiction, but it seldom goes beyond that to define its influence upon thought and feeling. As part of the nihilistic melodrama that we've been getting so much of recently, "The Bomb" serves as a key device to darken at one stroke the sense of the times or to provide a kind of instant comment on the hysterical behavior of the characters. The characters, that is to say the author, think no more to the point about the specific import of the "deterrent"—both public and private—than do our theologians, sociologists, or ourselves, and the sense of evil it produces fades into the anxiety about Russian intentions or child-rearing or sex. Perhaps this is why *David Knudsen* was either ignored or reviewed as though it were mainly another novel about modern marriage or "the quest for values." When it comes to the Bomb, it's easier to pass on to other, more graspable problems. Except that we don't—not quite. This is the point of Elliott's novel. What he has tried to do is to show how, in one case, the "deterrent" has disturbed the normal relations of the responsible individual to society, has undermined and debased rational thought, and has bred permissive and brutal gods.

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David Knudsen, an articulate young photographer who tells his own story, is the son of an important physicist who happens to have been one of the men that designed the atomic bomb. The central event in David's life occurs one morning in the Pacific when a hydrogen test bomb is detonated and an unexpected shift in the wind carries the fallout to the island where he and some other soldiers have been stationed to provide meteorological data. Elliott uses David's radiation sickness and the coincidence of his father's responsibility to get hold of his subject in a direct way, to engage his issues on the immediate personal level where they are lived and take effect as feelings. He is not concerned with the physical horror of radiation, which is not yet our main problem, but with the social and moral fallout from our politics and military technology, which is. Thus David's illness, after the first effects have passed, is not a very palpable one. He resembles less the hideous victims of Hiroshima than he does a personable young American who finds out that there is a dangerous but unpredictable strain of insanity in his family. One of David's friends who was with him at Paraklulei eventually develops and dies of cancer, but the effect of his own illness is mainly to make his relations to American society and modern technology somewhat more hostile, his future somewhat more uncertain, his sense of purpose and responsibility somewhat more shaky, his normal capacity for self-destruction somewhat more formidable than they all would otherwise have been. In other words, Elliott uses David's illness much like the chemical in a developing solution that brings out the dark and obscure imprint that already exists on the film. What emerges is partly character, partly conditioning—in the latter case, the influence of the indefinite but noxious climate of evaded guilt and cynical rationalism, the small impalpable doses of terror and confusion that have been with us—and within us—since Hiroshima.

LIKE MANY of the characters in Elliott's stories and in *Parktilden Village,* David comes from one of those talented and well-bred San Francisco Bay area families whose spirit in the present generation has either run thin or gone violently awry. His oldest sister, Anna, is a hard-working conformist —a "shmug"; his sister Julia is a tough, passionate radical turned sour. In temperament, David lies somewhere between—wary both of the insulation of Anna's life and the sloppiness of Julia's—the son of his rational, civilized, emotionally diffident father, but without James Knudsen's underlying firmness and delicacy. Seen against the background of the San Francisco locale, with its genial surfaces and turbulent center that make it so evocative of the modern American scene, David emerges as a typical member of the postwar generation, a young intellectual, as he says, "with a void" that facilitates his taking the imprint of the age.

As he says, "I had not acquired, by the one way that matters most, social osmosis, a strong, clear image of what it meant to be a man, but I had acquired by osmosis the strong dread that attaining maturity was as difficult and rare as it was ill-defined." Like many of his contemporaries, he begins his quest for a meaningful identity by trying to recover the spirit of the Depression in its twilight during the Wallace campaign. However, as David soon realizes, he is merely camping; the real ground of social responsibility lies elsewhere and in the present; just where, he still doesn't know—except that to become a responsible member of society after Hiroshima can mean nothing less than accepting its guilts. Yet such acknowledgment is precisely what is most absent from the scene. With the beginning of the cold war and the rising fear of nuclear espionage, he finds the demand for loyalty being asserted amid all the lies, confusions, and evasions that focus around our possession of the atomic secrets. With social action increasingly passing into the hands of the mindlessly vindictive, David falls into a soft, nihilistic skepticism, having encountered in the society a void that answers to his own sense of hollowness. Or, as he puts it, "some mutual enemies within me were taking heart from the confusion and violence of the world around me." He drifts into marriage with a social worker who is moderately unconventional, moderately decent, moderately empty like himself, then finally into the army. Long before the fateful morning in the Pacific, he has become familiar with the feeling that the life he leads is not his own, that he belongs to a society whose channels of rebellion and adjustment

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are equally suspect, whose spirit (like his own) is best, and perhaps only, expressed by its machines.

VIEWED IN THIS background, David's radiation sickness becomes mainly an intensification of the disabilities he has already suffered. He returns home and slides into various new roles—Catholic convert, commercial photographer, conventional "young married," dedicated family man—that are mainly expressions of his vindictiveness and evasiveness. Before he is finished turning himself into the type of person—"the shmug"—that he has most despised, he has forced his wife to abort their baby, for fear of producing a monster, wrecked his marriage, and eventually led his father to suicide by a series of devious attacks that culminate in a letter he is unable to remember writing which accuses physics of allowing itself to be contemptuously seduced by politics—a copulation of innocent, irresponsible rationality with force that has produced "a thing which is wholly and only bad. . . ." He is talking of course about the Bomb, but he is also talking to some extent about himself, about the murderous connivance between his facile intellectualizations and his whining but sedulous attempts to sign on with society. He has "adjusted" to his illness far better than he knows by internalizing the fatuous cynicism and destructiveness of the society that inflicted it upon him. However, the strain of this adjustment is more intolerable for David than it is for most of us, and eventually he cracks up. Through his relations in a sanitarium with a vital young nurse and his ex-boss Mr. McKee—a rugged old sensualist whose life had also been torn apart by a bomb—David's powers of desire and forgiveness are awakened and he begins finally to recover from his past. In the end he has gained enough inwardness to live with himself, if not with anyone else, enough faith that the world still coheres to practice his art, if not his citizenship.

Over much of the novel broods the vision of a godless culture—of a low, functional rationalism whose jet bombers and factories, campuses and highways reiterate the theme "made by man" but have "little to do with the modes of love or choice or human suffering," whose scientific cosmology as James Knudsen writes just before he takes his life, ends in chaos—"the ultimate disorder behind all the facts and constructs." However, threaded through David's story of his encounter with an age, and a self, that support secular humanism no better than religious belief is a persistent evocation of the saving moments and modes of what men once called grace; the awesome

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rose window at Chartres, and the pathos of a 15th-century crucifix hanging in a nuns' sanctuary; a little girl's inarticulate hymn to love, and a blues refrain floating above the steam of a laundry; an overpowering intuition of oneness with the early-morning miscellany of a back-street in Oakland, and the candid, joyous nubility of a girl. These and other assertions of value not only temper the tone of David's vision and bring it into relation with the common, conscious life as such, but also serve to define the influence by which David is led in the end to his liberating moment of self-recognition, when the statement made by the religious man from the soul can be made by the neurotic from the ego: "I am weak, and I want."

The religious element has always been strong in Elliott's fiction, and if *Parktilden Village* is finally a book about original sin, *David Knudsen* is a close study of the doctrine of *charity*. "The sons of physicists find it hard to forgive," as David notes. His own rationalism is thin and pretentious but it effectively holds him within the circular pattern of his resentment and guilt when it does not give way to a fatuous pietism. The behavior of an Army nurse and a Catholic priest give him glimpses of what Christian charity is, and the grave skepticism of his friend Martin, a fellow victim and an apostate who accepts the tragedy in the Lutheran vision without its reasoning, forces him to see what charity is not. However, it is characteristic of Elliott's handling of the doctrine that the closest David comes to an awareness of what his father is suffering, to charity toward him—and hence toward himself—should be brought about by his flaccid sister Anna. In the course of revealing to her brother why she gave up driving, Anna instances a more profound and independent response to the daily assault of modern life upon the spirit than he is capable of, a more candid recognition of her weakness and resources than he has allowed himself to make.

In the end, David's long obscure struggle to live with himself and his fate leaves him with perhaps no greater capacity for living in this world than Anna has. He has withdrawn into the shelter of his art, just as Anna huddles within the cocoon of her imperfect marriage to a specialist in biological warfare. But the moral strength of the novel lies just here—in the cogency of the qualified but real spiritual autonomy that he has erected against an age whose physical and moral encroachment takes the form of little, impalpable doses of poison. Few members of David's generation have experienced his physical illness, but most of those who possess even his limited moral consciousness are no strangers to the erosion of feeling and the canker of negation that comes, in part, from the steady exposure to the modern void, whose ultimate epiphany is the Bomb. Thus David's experiences with education, with politics, with art, with marriage, with military service, with religion are all deeply typical, if in some cases more miserable. It is only when he stops colluding with the age by blaming it for his life and hence accepting its power to rule him that he becomes a man. The truth that emerges from this tersely understated story of a young man who has suffered "an illness peculiar to our time" is that one leads only his own life not the age's. After a certain point and short of the apocalypse there is no general fate—postwar or otherwise. There is only "charity" or "adjustment"—inwardness or the various gamma rays that men use now to destroy themselves.

Book Reviewers in this Issue

Dwight Macdonald writes regularly for the *New Yorker* and *Esquire*.

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Paul Kecskemeti's last previous contribution was "Marxism and the Colonial Revolt" (June 1960).

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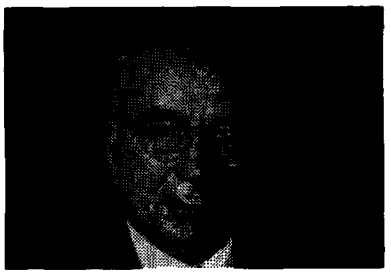

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